ROB ROY

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," "GUY MANNERING," AND "THE ANTIQUARY."

For why? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Rob Roy's Grave.—WORDSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THIRD EDITION.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; AND
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
LONDON.

1818.

ROB ROY.

CHAPTER I.

Yon lamp its line of quivering light
  Shoots from my lady's bower;
But why should Beauty's lamp be bright
  At midnight's lonely hour?

Old Ballad.

Our mode of life at Osbaldistone-Hall was too uniform to admit of description. Diana Vernon and I enjoyed much of our time in our mutual studies; the rest of the family killed theirs in such sports and pastimes as suited the seasons, in which we also took our share. My uncle was a man of habits, and by habit became so much accustomed to my presence and mode of life, that, upon the whole, he was rather fond of me than other-

wise. I might probably have risen yet higher in his good graces, had I employed the same arts for that purpose which were used by Rashleigh, who, availing himself of his father's disinclination to business, had gradually insinuated himself into the management of his property. But although I readily gave my uncle the advantage of my pen and my arithmetic so often as he desired to correspond with a neighbour, or settle with a tenant, and was, in so far, a more useful inmate in his family than any of his sons, yet I was not willing to oblige Sir Hildebrand, by relieving him entirely from the management of his own affairs; so that, while the good knight admitted that nevoy Frank was a steady, handy lad, he seldom failed to remark in the same breath, that he did not think he should ha missed Rashleigh so much as he was like to do.

As it is particularly unpleasant to reside in a family where we are at variance with any part of it, I made some efforts to overcome the ill-will which my cousins enter-

tained against me. I exchanged my laced hat for a jockey-cap, and made some progress in their opinion; I broke a young colt in a manner which carried me further into their good graces. A bet or two opportunely lost to Dickon, and an extra health pledged with Percie, placed me on an easy and familiar footing with all the young squires except Thorncliff.

I have already noticed the dislike entertained against me by this young fellow, who, as he had rather more sense, had also a much worse temper than any of his brethren. Sullen, dogged, and quarrelsome, he regarded my residence at Osbaldistone-Hall as an intrusion, and viewed, with envious and jealous eyes, my intimacy with Diana Vernon, whom the effect proposed to be given to a certain family-compact, assigned to him as an intended spouse. That he loved her could scarcely be said, at least without much misapplication of the word; but he regarded her as something appropriated to himself, and resented internally the interference

which he knew not how to prevent or interrupt. I attempted a tone of conciliation towards Thorncliff on several occasions; but he rejected my advances with a manner about as gracious as that of a growling mastiff, when the animal shuns and resents a stranger's attempts to caress him. I therefore abandoned him to his ill-humour, and gave myself no farther trouble about the matter.

Such was the footing upon which I stood with the family at Osbaldistone-Hall; but I ought to mention another of its inmates with whom I occasionally held some discourse. This was Andrew Fairservice, the gardener, who (since he had discovered that I was a protestant), rarely suffered me to pass him without proffering his Scotch mull for a social pinch. There were several advantages attended this courtesy. In the first place, it was made at no expense, for I never used snuff; and, secondly, it afforded an excellent apology to Andrew (who was not particularly fond of hard la-

bour) for laying aside his spade for several minutes. But, above all, these brief interviews gave Andrew an opportunity of venting the news he had collected, or the satirical remarks which his shrewd northern humour suggested.

"I am saying, sir," he said to me one evening, with a face obviously charged with intelligence, "I hae been doun at the Trinlay-knowe."

"Well, Andrew, and I suppose you heard some news at the ale-house?"

"Na, sir; I never gang to the yill-house—that is, unless ony neighbour was to gie me a pint, or the like o' that; but to gang there on ane's ain coat-tail, is a waste o' precious time and hard-won siller.—But I was doun at the Trinlay-knowe, as I was saying, about a wee bit business o' my ain wi' Mattie Simpson, that wants a forpit or twa o' peers, that will never be missed in the Ha' house—and when we were at the thrangest o' our bargain, wha suld come in but Pate Macready the travelling merchant."

"Pedlar, I suppose you mean?"

"E'en as your honour likes to ca' him; but it's a creditable calling and a gainfu', and has been lang in use wi' our folk.—Pate's a far-awa cousin o' mine, and we were blythe to meet wi' ane another."

"And you went and had a jug of ale together, I suppose, Andrew?—For Heaven's sake, cut short your story."

"Bide a wee—bide a wee; you southerns are aye in sic a hurry, and this is something concerns yoursell, an ye wad tak patience to hear't—Yill?—deil a drap o' yill did Pate offer me; but Mattie gae us baith a drap skimmed milk, and ane o' her thick ait jannocks, that was as wat and raw as a divot.—O for the bonnie girdle cakes o' the North!—and sae we sate doun and took out our clavers."

"I wish you would take them out just now. Pray, tell me the news, if you have got any worth telling, for I can't stop here all night."

"Than, if ye maun hae't, the folk in Lunnun are a' clean wud about this bit job in the north here."

"Clean wood! what's that?"

"Ou, just real daft—neither to haud nor to bind—a' hirdy-girdy—clean through ither —the deil's ower Jock Wabster."

"But what does all this mean? or what business have I with the deil or Jack Webster?"

"Umph!" said Andrew, looking extremely knowing, "it's just because—just that the dirdum's a' about yon man's pokmanty."

"Whose portmanteau? or what do you mean?"

"Ou, just the man Morris's, that he said he lost yonder; but if its no your honour's affair, as little is it mine; and I maunna lose this gracious evening."

And, as if suddenly seized with a violent fit of industry, Andrew began to labour most diligently.

My attention, as the crafty knave had foreseen, was now arrested, and unwilling, at the same time, to acknowledge any particular interest in that affair, by asking direct questions, I stood waiting till the spirit

of voluntary communication should again prompt him to resume his story. Andrew dug on manfully, and spoke at intervals, but nothing to the purpose of Mr Macready's news, and I stood and listened, cursing him in my heart, and desirous, at the same time, to see how long his humour of contradiction would prevail over his desire of speaking upon the subject, which was obviously uppermost in his mind.

"Am trenching up the sparry-grass, and am gaun to saw sum Misegun beans; they winna want them to their swine's flesh, I'se warrant—muckle gude may it do them. And siclike dung as the grieve has gi'en me; it should be wheat-strae, or aiten at the warst o't, and its pease-dirt, as fissenless as chuckie-stanes. But the huntsman guides a' as he likes about the stable-yard, and he's selled the best of the litter, I'se warrant. But howsomever, we maunna lose a turn o' this Saturday at e'en, for the wather's sair broken, and if there's a fair day in seven, Sunday's sure to come and lick it up—How-

somever, I'm no denying that it may settle, if it be Heaven's will, till Monday morning, and what's the use o' my breaking my back at this rate—I think, I'll e'en awa' hame, for yon's the curfew, as they ca' their jowing-in bell."

Accordingly, applying both his hands to his spade, he pitched it upright in the trench which he had been digging, and looking at me with the air of superiority of one who knows himself possessed of important information, which he may communicate or refuse at his pleasure, pulled down the sleeves of his shirt, and walked slowly towards his coat, which lay carefully folded up upon a neighbouring garden-seat.

"I must pay the penalty for having interrupted the tiresome rascal," thought I to myself, "and even gratify Mr Fairservice by taking his communication on his own terms." Then raising my voice, I addressed him. "And after all, Andrew, what are these London news you had from your kinsman, the travelling merchant?"

"The pedlar, your honour means?" retorted Andrew—"but ca' him what ye wull, they're a great convenience in a country side that's scant o' borough-towns, like this Northumberland—That's no the case now, in Scotland—There's the kingdom o' Fife, frae Borrowstownness to the east nook, it's just like a great combined city—Sae mony royal boroughs yoked on end to end, like ropes of ingans, with their hie-streets, and their booths, nae doubt, and their cræmes, and houses of stane and lime and forestairs—Kirkaldy the sell o't is langer than ony town in England."

"I dare say it is all very splendid and very fine—but you were talking of the London news a little while ago, Andrew."

"Ay," replied Andrew; "but I didna think your honour cared to hear about them—howsoever," (he continued, grinning a ghastly smile,) Pate Macready does say, that they are sair mistrysted yonder in their Parliament-House about this rubbery o' Mr Morris, or whatever they ca' the chiel."

"In the House of Parliament, Andrew! How came they to mention it there?"

"Ou, that's just what I said to Pate; if it like your honour, I'll tell you the very words; its no worth making a lie for the matter—'Pate,' said I, 'what ado had the lords and lairds and gentles at Lunnun wi' the carle and his walise?—When we had a Scots Parliament, Pate,' says I, (and deil rax their thrapples that reft us o't,) 'they sate dousely down and made laws for a hale country and kinrick, and never fashed their beards about things that were competent to the judge ordinar o' the bounds; but I think,' said I, 'that if ae kail-wife pou'd aff her neighbour's mutch, they wad hae the twasome o' them into the Parliament-House o' Lunnun. It's just,' said I, 'amaist as silly as our auld daft laird here and his gomerils o' sons, wi' his huntsman and his hounds, and his hunting cattle and horns, riding hale days after a bit beast that winna weigh sax punds when they hae catched it."

"You argued most admirably, Andrew,"

said I, willing to encourage him to get into the marrow of his intelligence; "and what said Pate?"

"Ou, he said, what better cou'd be expected of a wheen pock-pudding English folk?—But as to the rubbery, it's like that when they're a' at the thrang o' their Whig and Tory wark, and ca'ing ane anither, like unhanged blackguards—up gets ae lang-tongued chield, and he says, that a' the north of England were rank jacobites, (and, quietly, he was na far wrang maybe) and that they had levied amaist open war, and a king's messenger had been stoppit and rubbit on the highway, and that the best bluid o' Northumberland had been at the doing o't—and mickle gowd ta'en aff him, and mony valuable papers; and that there was nae redress to be gotten by remeed of law, for the first justice o' the peace that the rubbit man gaed to, he had fund the twa loons that did the deed birling and drinking wi' him, wha but they; and the justice took the word o' the tane for the compear-

ance o' the tither; and that they e'en gae him leg-bail, and the honest man that had lost his siller, was fain to leave the country for fear waur had come of it."

"Can this be really true?" said I.

"Pate swears it's as true as that his el-wand is a yard lang—(and so it is, just bating an inch, that it may meet the English measure)—And when the chield had said his warst, there was a terrible cry for names, and out brings he wi' this man Morris's name, and your uncle's, and 'Squire Inglewood's, and other folks beside," (looking sly at me)—"And then another dragon o' a chield got up on the other side, and said, wad they accuse the best gentlemen in the land on the oath of a broken coward, for its like that Morris had been drummed out o' the army for rinning awa' in Flanders; and he said, it was like the story had been made up between the minister and him or ever he had left Lunnun; and that, if there was to be a search-warrant granted, he thought the siller wad be found some gait

near to St James's Palace. Aweel, they trailed up Morris to their bar, as they ca't, to see what he could say to the job, but the folk that were again him, gae him sic an awfu' through-gaun about his rinnin awa, and about a' the ill he had ever dune or said for a' the forepart o' his life, that Patie says, he looked mair like ane dead than living; and they cou'dna get a word o' sense out o' him, for downright fright at their gowling and routing.—He maun be a saft sap, wi' a head nae better than a fozy frosted turnip—it wad hae ta'en a hantle o' them to scaur Andrew Fairservice out o' his tale."

"And how did it all end, Andrew? did your friend happen to learn?"

"Ou, ay; for as his walk's in this country, Pate put aff his journey for the space of a week or thereby, because it wad be acceptable to his customers to bring doun the news. It just a' gaed aff like moonshine in water. The fellow that began it drew in his horns and said, that though he believed

the man had been rubbit, yet he acknowledged he might hae been mista'en about the particulars. And then the ither chield got up, and said, he cared na whether Morris was rubbit or no, provided it wasna to become a stain on ony gentleman's honour and reputation, especially in the north of England; for, said he before them, I come frae the north mysell, and I carena a boddle wha kens it. And this is what they ca' explaining—the tane gies up a bit, and the tither gies up a bit, and a' friends again. Aweel, after the Commons' Parliament had tuggit, and rived, and ruggit at Morris and his rubbery till they were tired o't, the Lords' Parliament they behoved to hae their spell o't. In puir auld Scotland's Parliament they a' sate thegither, cheek for choul, and than they did na need to hae the same blethers twice ower again. But till't their lordships gaed wi' as muckle teeth and gude will, as if the matter had been a' speck and span new. Forbye, there was something said about ane Campbell, that

suld hae been concerned in the rubbery, mair or less, and that he suld hae had a warrant frae the Duke of Argyle, as a testimonial o' his character. And this put MacCallummore's beard in a bleize, as gude reason there was; and he gat up wi' an unco bang, and gar'd them a' look about them, and wad ram it even doun their throats, there was never ane o' the Campbells but was as wight, wise, warlike, and worthy trust, as auld Sir John the Græme. Now, if your honour's sure ye are na a drap's blude a-kin to a Campbell, as I am nane mysell, sae far as I can count my kin, or hae had it counted to me, I'll gie you my mind on that matter."

"You may be assured I have no connection whatever with any gentleman of the name."

"Ou, than we may speak it quietly amang oursells.—There's baith gude and bad o' the Campbells, like other names. But this MacCallummore has an unco sway and say baith amang the grit folk at Lunnun just

now; for he canna precesely be said to belang to ony o' the twa sides o' them, sae deil ane o' them likes to quarrel wi' him; sae they e'en voted Morris's tale a fause calumnious libel, as they ca't, and if he hadna gi'en them leg-bail, he was likely to hae taen the air on the pillory for leasing-making."

So speaking, honest Andrew collected his dibbles, spades, and hoes, and threw them into a wheel-barrow, leisurely, however, and allowing me full time to put any farther questions which might occur to me before he trundled them off to the tool-house, there to repose during the ensuing day. I thought it best to speak out at once, lest this meddling fellow should suppose there was more weighty reason for my silence than actually existed.

"I should like to see this countryman of yours, Andrew; and to hear his news from himself directly. You have probably heard that I had some trouble from the impertinent folly of this man Morris," (Andrew

grinned a most significant grin) ; "and I should wish to see your cousin the merchant, to ask him the particulars of what he heard in London, if it could be done without much trouble."

"Naething mair easy," Andrew observed; "he had but to hint to his cousin that I wanted a pair or twa o' hose, and he wad be wi' me as fast as he could lay leg to the grund."

"O yes, assure him I shall be a customer; and as the night is, as you say, settled and fair, I shall walk in the garden until he comes; the moon will soon rise over the fells. You may bring him to the little back gate; and I shall have pleasure, in the meanwhile, in looking on the bushes and evergreens by the bright frosty moonlight."

"Vara right—vara right—that's what I hae aften said; a kail-blade, or a colliflour, glances sae glegly by moon-light, it's like a leddy in her diamonds."

So saying, off went Andrew Fairservice

with great glee. He had to walk about two miles, a labour he undertook with the greatest pleasure, in order to secure his kinsman the sale of some articles of his trade, though it is probable he would not have given sixpence to treat him to a quart of ale. The good-will of an Englishman would have displayed itself in a manner exactly the reverse of Andrew's, thought I, as I paced along the smooth cut velvet walks, which, embowered with high hedges of yew and of holly, intersected the ancient garden of Osbaldistone-Hall.

As I turned to retrace my steps, it was natural that I should lift up my eyes to the windows of the old library; which, small in size, but several in number, stretched along the second story of that side of the house which now faced me. Light glanced from their casements. I was not surprised at this, for I knew Miss Vernon often sate there of an evening, though from motives of delicacy I put a strong restraint upon myself, and never sought to join her at a time when I knew, all the rest of the family being en-

gaged for the evening, our interviews must necessarily have been strictly *tête-a-tête*. In the mornings we usually read together in the same room; but then it often happened that one or other of our cousins entered to seek some parchment duodecimo that could be converted into a fishing-book, despite its gildings and illumination, or to tell us of some "sport toward," or from mere want of knowing where else to dispose of themselves. In short, in the mornings the library was a sort of public-room, where man and woman might meet as on neutral ground. In the evening it was very different; and, bred in a country where much attention is paid, or was at least then paid, to *bienseance*, I was desirous to think for Miss Vernon concerning those points of propriety where her experience did not afford her the means of thinking for herself. I made her therefore comprehend, as delicately as I could, that when we had evening lessons, the presence of a third party was proper.

Miss Vernon first laughed, then blushed,

and was disposed to be displeased; and then, suddenly checking herself, said, "I believe you are very right; and when I feel inclined to be a very busy scholar, I will bribe old Martha with a cup of tea to sit by me and be my screen."

Martha, the old housekeeper, partook of the taste of the family at the Hall. A toast and tankard would have pleased her better than all the tea in China. However, as the use of this beverage was then confined to the higher ranks, Martha felt some vanity in being asked to partake of it; and by dint of a great deal of sugar, many words scarce less sweet, and abundance of toast and butter, she was sometimes prevailed upon to give us her countenance. Upon other occasions, the servants almost unanimously shunned the library after night-fall, because it was their foolish pleasure to believe that it lay on the haunted side of the house. The more timorous had seen sights and heard sounds there when all the rest of the house was quiet; and even the young

squires were far from having any wish to enter these formidable precinct after nightfall without necessity.

That the library had at one time been a favourite resource of Rashleigh,—that a private door out of one side of it communicated with the sequestered and remote apartment which he chose for himself, rather increased than disarmed the terrors which the household had for the dreaded library of Osbaldistone-Hall. His extensive information as to what passed in the world,—his profound knowledge of science of every kind,—a few physical experiments which he occasionally shewed off, were, in a house of so much ignorance and bigotry, esteemed good reasons for supposing him endowed with powers over the spiritual world. He understood Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and, therefore, according to the apprehension, and in the phrase, of his brother Wilfred, needed not to care "for ghaist or barghaist, devil or dobbie." Yea, the servants persisted that they had heard him hold con-

versations in the library, when every versal soul in the family were gone to bed; and that he spent the night in watching for bogles, and the morning in sleeping in his bed, when he should have been heading the hounds like a true Osbaldistone.

All these absurd rumours I had heard in broken hints and imperfect sentences, from which I was left to draw the inference; and, as easily may be supposed, I laughed them to scorn. But the extreme solitude to which this chamber of evil fame was committed every night after curfew time, was an additional reason why I should not intrude on Miss Vernon when she chose to sit there in an evening.

To resume what I was saying, I was not surprised to see a glimmering of light from the library windows; but I was a little struck when I distinctly perceived the shadow of two persons pass along and intercept the light from the first of the windows, throwing the casement for a moment into

shade. It must be old Martha, thought I, whom Diana has engaged to be her companion for the evening, or I must have been mistaken, and taken Diana's shadow for a second person. No, by Heaven ! it appears on the second window,—two figures distinctly traced ; and now it is lost again—it is seen on the third—on the fourth—the darkened forms of two persons distinctly seen in each window as they pass along the room, betwixt the windows and the lights. Whom can Diana have got for a companion ?—The passage of the shadows between the lights and the casements was twice repeated, as if to satisfy me that my observation served me truly ; after which the lights were extinguished, and the shades, of course, were seen no more.

Trifling as this circumstance was, it occupied my mind for a considerable time. I did not allow myself to suppose, that my friendship for Miss Vernon had any directly selfish view ; yet it is incredible the displeasure I felt at the idea of her admitting

any one to private interviews at a time, and in a place, where, for her own sake, I had been at some trouble to shew her, that it was improper for me to meet with her.

"Silly, romping, incorrigible girl!" said I to myself, "on whom all good advice and delicacy are thrown away. I have been cheated by the simplicity of her manner, which I suppose she can assume just as she could a straw-bonnet, were it the fashion, for the mere sake of celebrity. I suppose, notwithstanding the excellence of her understanding, the society of half a dozen of clowns to play at whisk and swabbers would give her more pleasure than if Ariosto himself were to awake from the dead."

This reflection came the more powerfully across my mind, because, having mustered up courage to shew to Diana my version of the first books of Ariosto, I had requested her to invite Martha to a tea-party in the library that evening, to which arrangement Miss Vernon had refused her consent, alleging some apology which I

thought frivolous at the time. I had not long speculated on this disagreeable subject, when the back garden-door opened, and the figures of Andrew and his countryman, bending under his pack, crossed the moonlight alley, and called my attention elsewhere.

I found Mr Macready, as I expected, a tough, sagacious, long-headed Scotchman, and a collector of news both from choice and profession. He was able to give me a distinct account of what had passed both in the House of Commons and House of Lords upon the affair of Morris, which, it appears, had been made by both parties a touchstone to ascertain the temper of the Parliament. It appeared also, that, as I had learned from Andrew by second hand, the ministry had proved too weak to support a story, involving the character of men of rank and importance, and resting upon the credit of a person of such indifferent fame as Morris, who was, moreover, confused and contradictory in his mode of

telling the story. Macready was even able to supply me with a copy of a printed journal, or News-Letter, seldom extending beyond the capital, in which the substance of the debate was mentioned; and with a copy of the Duke of Argyle's speech, printed upon a broadside, of which he had purchased several from the hawkers, because, he said, it would be a saleable article on the north of the Tweed. The first was a meagre statement, full of blanks and asterisks, and which added little or nothing to the information I had from the Scotchman; and the Duke's speech, though spirited and eloquent, contained chiefly a panegyric on his country, his family, and his clan, with a few compliments, equally sincere, perhaps, though less glowing, which he took so favourable an opportunity of paying to himself. I could not learn whether my own reputation had been directly implicated, although I perceived that the honour of my uncle's family had been impeached, and that this person Campbell, stated by Morris to have

been the most active robber of the two by whom he was assailed, was said by him to have appeared in the behalf of a Mr Osbaldistone, and, by the connivance of the Justice, procured his liberation. In this particular, Morris's story jumped with my own suspicions, which had attached to Campbell from the moment I saw him appear at Justice Inglewood's. Vexed upon the whole, as well as perplexed with this extraordinary story, I dismissed the two Scotchmen, after making some purchases from Macready, and a small compliment to Fairservice, and retired to my own apartment to consider what I ought to do in defence of my character, thus publicly attacked.

CHAPTER II.

Whence, and what art thou?

MILTON.

AFTER exhausting a sleepless night in meditating on the intelligence I had received, I was at first inclined to think that I ought, as speedily as possible, to return to London, and by my open appearance to repel the calumny which had been spread against me. But I hesitated to take this course on recollection of my father's disposition, singularly absolute in his decisions as to all that concerned his family. He was most able certainly, from experience, to direct what I ought to do, and from his acquaintance with the most distinguished

Whigs then in power, had the full capacity of obtaining a hearing for my cause. So, upon the whole, I judged it most safe to state my whole story in the shape of a narrative, addressed to my father; and as the ordinary opportunities of intercourse between the Hall and the post recurred rarely, I determined to ride over myself to the town, which was about ten miles distance, and deposit my letter in the post-office with my own hands.

Indeed I began to think it strange, that though several weeks had elapsed since my departure from home, I had received no letter, either from my father or Owen, although Rashleigh had written to Sir Hildebrand of his safe arrival in London, and of the kind reception he had met with from his uncle. Admitting that I might have been to blame, I did not deserve, in my own opinion at least, to be so totally forgotten by my father; and I thought my present excursion might have the effect of bringing a letter from him to hand

more early than it would otherwise have reached me. But before concluding my letter concerning the affair of Morris, I failed not to express my earnest hope and wish that my father would honour me with a few lines, were it but to express his advice and commands in an affair of some difficulty, and where my knowledge of life could not be supposed adequate to my own guidance. I found it impossible to prevail on myself to urge my actual return to London as a place of residence, and I disguised my unwillingness to do so under apparent submission to my father's will, which, as I imposed it on myself as a sufficient reason for not urging my final departure from Osbaldistone-Hall, would, I doubted not, be received as such by my parent. But I begged permission to come to London, for a short time at least, to meet and refute the infamous calumnies, which had been circulated concerning me in so public a manner. Having made up my packet, in which my earnest desire to vindicate my

character was strangely blended with reluctance to quit my present place of residence, I rode over to the post-town, and deposited my letter in the office. By doing so, I obtained possession, somewhat earlier than I should otherwise have done, of the following letter from my friend Mr Owen.

"Dear Mr Francis,

"Your's received per favour of Mr R. Osbaldistone, and note the contents. Shall do Mr R. O. such civilities as are in my power, and have taken him to see the Bank and Custom-house. He seems a sober, steady young gentleman, and takes to business; so will be of service to the firm. Could have wished another person had turned his mind that way, but God's will be done. As cash may be scarce in those parts, have to trust you will excuse my inclosing a goldsmith's bill at six day's sight, on Messrs Hooper and Girder of Newcastle, for £100, which I doubt not will be duly honoured.—I remain, as in duty bound,

dear Mr Frank, your very respectful and obedient servant,

"JOSEPH OWEN."

"*Postscriptum.*—Hope you will advise the above coming safe to hand. Am sorry we have so few of yours. Your father says he is as usual, but looks poorly."

From this epistle, written in old Owen's formal style, I was rather surprised to observe that he made no acknowledgment of that private letter which I had written to him, with a view to possess him of Rashleigh's real character, although, from the course of post, it seemed certain that he ought to have received it. Yet I had sent it by the usual conveyance from the Hall, and had no reason to suspect that it could miscarry upon the road. As it comprised matters of great importance, both to my father and to myself, I sat down in the post-office, and again wrote to Owen, recapitulating the heads of my former letter,

and requesting to know, in course of post, if it had reached him in safety. I also acknowledged the receipt of the bill, and promised to make use of the contents, if I should have any occasion for money. I thought, indeed, it was odd that my father should leave the care of supplying my necessities to his clerk; but I concluded it was a matter arranged between them. At any rate, Owen was a bachelor, rich in his way, and passionately attached to me, so that I had no hesitation in being obliged to him for a small sum, which I resolved to consider as a loan, to be returned with my earliest ability, in case it was not previously repaid by my father; and I expressed myself to this purpose to Mr Owen. A shop-keeper in the little town, to whom the post-master directed me, readily gave me in gold the amount of my bill on Messrs Hooper and Girder, so that I returned to Osbaldistone-Hall a good deal richer than I had set forth. This recruit to my finances was not a matter of indifference to me, as

I was necessarily involved in some expenses at Osbaldistone-Hall; and I had seen, with some uneasy impatience, that the sum which my travelling expenses had left unexhausted at my arrival there, was imperceptibly diminishing. This source of anxiety was for the present removed. On my arrival at the Hall, I found Sir Hildebrand and all his offspring had gone down to the little hamlet, called Trinlay-Knowes, "to see," as Andrew Fairservice expressed it, "a wheen midden-cocks pike ilk ithers harns out."

"It is, indeed, a brutal amusement, Andrew; I suppose you have none such in Scotland?"

"Na, na," answered Andrew boldly; then shaded away his negative with, "unless it be on Fastern's-e'en, or the like o' that—But indeed it's no muckle matter what the folk do to the midden pootry, for they haud siccan a skarting and scraping in the yard, that there's nae getting a bean or a pea keepit for them.—But I am

wondering what it is that leaves that turret-door open; now that Mr Rashleigh's away, it canna be him, I trow."

The turret-door, to which he alluded, opened to the garden at the bottom of a winding-stair, leading down from Mr Rashleigh's apartment. This, as I have already mentioned, was situated in a sequestered part of the house, communicating with the library by a private entrance, and by another intricate and dark vaulted passage with the rest of the house. A long narrow turf-walk led, between two high holly hedges, from the turret-door to a little postern in the wall of the garden. By means of these communications, Rashleigh, whose movements were very independent of those of the rest of his family, could leave the Hall or return to it at pleasure, without his absence or presence attracting any observation. But during his absence the stair and the turret-door were entirely disused, and this made Andrew's observation somewhat remarkable.

Have you often observed that door open?" was my question.

"No just that often neither; but I hae noticed it ance or twice—I'm thinking it maun hae been the priest, Father Vaughan, as they ca' him. Ye'll no catch ane o' the servants ganging up that stair, puir frightened heathens that they are, for fear o' bogles, and brownies, and lang nebbit things frae the neist warld. But Father Vaughan thinks himself a privileged person—set him up and lay him down!—I'se be caution the warst stibbler that ever stickit a sermon out ower the Tweed yonder, wad lay a ghaist twice as fast as him, wi' his holy water and his idolatrous trinkets. I dinna believe he speaks gude Latin neither; at least he disna take me up when I tell him the learned names of the plants."

Of Father Vaughan, who divided his time and his ghostly care between Osbaldistone-Hall, and about half a dozen mansions of catholic gentlemen in the neighbourhood,

I have as yet said nothing, for I had seen but little. He was aged about sixty, of a good family, as I was given to understand, in the north; of a striking and imposing presence, grave in his exterior, and much respected among the catholics of Northumberland, as a worthy and upright man. Yet Father Vaughan did not altogether lack those peculiarities which distinguish his order. There hung about him an air of mystery, which, in protestant eyes, savoured of priestcraft. The natives (such they might be well termed) of Osbaldistone-Hall, looked up to him with much more fear, or at least more awe, than affection. His condemnation of their revels was evident, from their being discontinued in some measure when the priest was a resident at the Hall. Even Sir Hildebrand himself put some restraint upon his conduct at such times, which, perhaps, rendered Father Vaughan's presence rather irksome than otherwise. He had the well-bred, insinuating, and almost flattering address, peculiar to the clergy of his persua-

sion, especially in England, where the lay catholic, hemmed in by penal laws, and by the restrictions of his sect and recommendation of his pastor, often exhibits a reserved, and almost a timid manner, in the society of protestants; while the priest, privileged by his order to mingle with persons of all creeds, is open, alert, and liberal in his intercourse with them, desirous of popularity, and usually skilful in the mode of obtaining it.

Father Vaughan was a particular acquaintance of Rashleigh's, otherwise, in all probability, he would scarce have been able to maintain his footing at Osbaldistone-Hall. This gave me no desire to cultivate his intimacy, nor did he seem to make any advances towards mine; so our occasional intercourse was confined to the exchange of mere civility. I considered it as extremely probable that Mr Vaughan might occupy Rashleigh's apartment during his occasional residence at the Hall; and his pro-

fession rendered it likely that he should occasionally be a tenant of the library. Nothing was more probable than that it might have been his candle which had excited my attention on a preceding evening. This led me involuntarily to recollect that the intercourse between Miss Vernon and the priest was marked with something like the same mystery which characterized her communications with Rashleigh. I had never heard her mention Vaughan's name, or even allude to him, excepting on the occasion of our first meeting, when she mentioned the old priest and Rashleigh as the only conversible beings, besides herself, in Osbaldistone-Hall. Yet although silent with respect to Father Vaughan, his arrival at the Hall never failed to impress Miss Vernon with an anxious and fluttering tremor, which lasted until they had exchanged one or two significant glances.

Whatever the mystery might be which overclouded the destinies of this beautiful

and interesting female, it was clear that Father Vaughan was implicated in it; unless, indeed, I could suppose that he was the agent employed to procure her settlement in the cloister, in the event of her rejecting a union with either of my cousins,—an office which would sufficiently account for her obvious emotion at his appearance. As to the rest, they did not seem to converse much together, or even to seek each others society. Their league, if any subsisted between them, was of a tacit and understood nature, operating on their actions without any necessity of speech. I recollected, however, on reflection, that I had once or twice discovered signs pass betwixt them, which I had at the time supposed to bear reference to some hint concerning Miss Vernon's religious observances, knowing how artfully the catholic clergy maintain, at all times and seasons, their influence over the mind of their followers. But now I was disposed to assign to these communications a deeper and more mysterious

import. Did he hold private meetings with Miss Vernon in the library? was a question which occupied my thoughts; and if so, for what purpose? And why should she have admitted an intimate of the deceitful Rashleigh to such close confidence?

These questions and difficulties pressed on my mind with an interest which was greatly increased by the possibility of resolving them. I had already begun to suspect that my friendship for Diana Vernon was not altogether so disinterested as in wisdom it ought to have been. I had already felt myself becoming jealous of the contemptible lout Thorncliff, and taking more notice, than in prudence or dignity of feeling I ought to have done, of his silly attempts to provoke me. And now I was scrutinizing the conduct of Miss Vernon with the most close and eager observation, which I in vain endeavoured to palm on myself as the offspring of idle curiosity. All these, like Benedick's brushing his hat of a morning, were signs that the sweet

youth was in love; and while my judgment still denied that I had been guilty of forming an attachment so imprudent, she resembled those ignorant guides, who, when they have led the traveller and themselves into irretrievable error, persist in obstinately affirming it to be impossible that they can have missed the way.

CHAPTER III.

"It happened one day about noon, going to my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand."

Robinson Crusoe.

WITH the blended feelings of interest and jealousy which were engendered by Miss Vernon's singular situation, my observations of her looks and actions became acutely sharpened, and that to a degree, which, notwithstanding my efforts to conceal it, could not escape her penetration. The sense that she was observed, or, more properly speaking, that she was watched by my looks, seemed to give Diana a mixture of embarrassment, pain, and pettishness. At times it seemed that she sought an op-

portunity of resenting a conduct which she could not but feel as offensive, considering the frankness with which she had mentioned the difficulties that surrounded her. At other times she seemed prepared to expostulate upon the subject. But either her courage failed, or some other sentiment impeded her seeking an eclaircissement. Her displeasure evaporated in repartee, and her expostulations died on her lips. We stood in a singular relation to each other, spending, and by mutual choice, much of our time in close society with each other, yet disguising our mutual sentiments, and jealous of, or offended by, each others actions. There was betwixt us intimacy without confidence; on one side love without hope or purpose, and curiosity without any rational or justifiable motive; and on the other, embarrassment and doubt, occasionally mingled with displeasure. Yet I believe that this agitation of the passions, such is the nature of the human bosom, as it continued by a thou-

sand irritating and interesting, though petty circumstances, to render Miss Vernon and me the constant objects of each others thoughts, tended, upon the whole, to increase the attachment with which we were naturally disposed to regard each other. But although my vanity early discovered that my presence at Osbaldistone-Hall had given Diana some additional reason for disliking the cloister, I could by no means confide in an affection which seemed completely subordinate to the mysteries of her singular situation. Miss Vernon was of a character far too formed and determined, to permit her love for me to overpower either her sense of duty or of prudence, and she gave me a proof of this in a conversation which we had together about this period.

We were sitting together in the library I have so often mentioned. Miss Vernon, in turning over a copy of the Orlando Furioso, which belonged to me, shook a piece of written paper from between the leaves. I hastened to lift it, but she prevented me.

"It is verse," she said, on glancing at the paper; and then unfolding it, but as if to wait my answer before proceeding—"May I take the liberty—nay, if you blush and stammer, I must do violence to your modesty, and suppose that permission is granted."

"It is not worthy your perusal—a scrap of a translation—My dear Miss Vernon, it would be too severe a trial, that you, who understand the original so well, should sit in judgment."

"Mine honest friend," replied Diana, "do not, if you will be guided by my advice, bait your hook with too much humility; for, ten to one, it will not catch a single compliment. You know I belong to the unpopular family of Tell-truths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."

She proceeded to read the first stanza, which was nearly to the following purpose:—

"Ladies, and knights, and arms, and love's fair flame,
Deeds of emprize and courtesy, I sing;

What time the Moors from sultry Africk came,
  Led on by Agramant, their youthful king—
He whom revenge and hasty ire did bring
  O'er the broad wave, in France to waste and war;
Such ills from old Trojano's death did spring,
  Which to avenge he came from realms afar,
And menaced Christian Charles, the Roman Emperor.

"Of dauntless Roland, too, my strain shall sound,
  In import never known in prose or rhyme,
How He, the chief of judgment deem'd profound,
  For luckless love was crazed upon a time—"

"There is a great deal of it," said she, glancing along the paper, and interrupting the sweetest sounds which mortal ears can drink in,—those of a youthful poet's verses, namely, read by the lips which are dearest to them.

"Much more than ought to engage your attention, Miss Vernon," said I, something mortified; and I took the verses from her unreluctant hand—"and yet," I continued, "shut up as I am in this retired situation, I have felt some times I could not amuse myself better than by carrying on, merely

for my own amusement you will of course understand, the version of this fascinating author, which I began some months since, when I was on the banks of the Garonne."

"The question would only be," said Diana, gravely, "whether you could not spend your time to better purpose?"

"You mean in original composition," said I, greatly flattered; "but to say truth, my genius rather lies in finding words and rhymes than ideas; and, therefore, I am happy to use those which Ariosto has prepared to my hand. However, Miss Vernon, with the encouragement you give—"

"Pardon me, Frank; it is encouragement not of my giving, but of your taking. I meant neither original composition nor translation, since I think you might employ your time to far better purpose than in either. You are mortified," she continued, "and I am sorry to be the cause."

"Not mortified,—certainly not mortified," said I, (with the best grace I could muster, and it was but indifferently assu-

med ;) "I am too much obliged by the interest you take in me."

"Nay, but," resumed the relentless Diana, "there is both mortification and a little grain of anger in that constrained tone of voice; do not be angry if I probe your feelings to the bottom—perhaps what I am about to say will affect them still more."

I felt the childishness of my own conduct, and the superior manliness of Miss Vernon's, and assured her, that she need not fear my wincing under criticism which I knew to be kindly meant.

"That was honestly meant and said," she replied; "I knew full well that the fund of poetical irritability flew away with the little preluding cough which ushered in the declaration. And now I must be serious.—Have you heard from your father lately?"

"Not a word," I replied; "he has not honoured me with a single line during the several months of my residence here."

"That is strange;—you are a singular race, you bold Osbaldistones. Then you are not aware that he has gone to Holland to arrange some pressing affairs which required his own immediate presence?"

"I never heard a word of it until this moment."

"And farther, it must be news to you, and I presume scarcely the most agreeable, that he has left Rashleigh in the almost uncontrolled management of his affairs until his return?"

I started, and could not suppress my surprise and apprehension.

"You have reason for alarm," said Miss Vernon, very gravely; "and were I you, I would endeavour to meet and obviate the dangers which arise from so undesirable an arrangement."

"And how is it possible for me to do so?"

"Every thing is possible for him who possesses courage and activity," said she, with a look resembling one of those heroines of the age of chivalry, whose encourage-

ment was wont to give champions double courage at the hour of need; "and to the timid and hesitating every thing is impossible, because it seems so."

"And what would you advise, Miss Vernon?" I replied, wishing, yet dreading to hear her answer.

She paused a moment, then answered firmly,—"That you instantly leave Osbaldistone-Hall, and return to London. You have perhaps already," she continued, in a softer tone, "been here too long; that fault was not yours. Every succeeding moment you waste here will be a crime. Yes, a crime; for I tell you plainly, that if Rashleigh long manages your father's affairs, you may consider his ruin as consummated."

"How is this possible?"

"Ask no questions," she said; "but, believe me, Rashleigh's views extend far beyond the possession or increase of commercial wealth: He will only make the command of Mr Osbaldistone's revenues and

property the means of putting in motion his own ambitious and extensive schemes. While your father was in Britain this was impossible; during his absence, Rashleigh will possess many opportunities, and he will not neglect to use them."

"But how can I, in disgrace with my father, and divested of all controul over his affairs, prevent this danger by my mere presence in London?"

"That presence alone will do much.—Your claim to interfere is a part of your birthright, and is inalienable. You will have the countenance, doubtless, of your father's head-clerk, and confidential friends and partners. Above all, Rashleigh's schemes are of a nature that"—(she stopped abruptly, as if fearful of saying too much)—"are, in short," she resumed, "of the nature of all selfish and unconscientious plans, which are speedily abandoned so soon as those who frame them perceive their arts are discovered and watched. Therefore, in the language of your favourite poet—

'To horse! to horse! urge doubts to those that fear.'"

A feeling, irresistible in its impulse, induced me to reply,—"Ah! Diana, can *you* give me advice to leave Osbaldistone-Hall?—then indeed I have already been a resident here too long."

Miss Vernon coloured, but proceeded with great firmness; "Indeed, I do give you this advice—not only to quit Osbaldistone-Hall, but never to return to it more. You have only one friend to regret here," she continued, forcing a smile, "and she has been long accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and her comforts to the welfare of others. In the world you will meet an hundred whose friendship will be as disinterested—more useful—less encumbered by untoward circumstances—less influenced by evil tongues and evil times."

"Never!" I exclaimed, "Never! the world can afford me nothing to repay what I must leave behind me." Here I took her hand, and pressed it to my lips.

"This is folly!" she exclaimed—"This is madness!" and she struggled to withdraw

her hand from my grasp, but not so stubbornly as actually to succeed, until I had held it for nearly a minute. "Hear me, sir!" she said, "and curb this unmanly burst of passion. I am, by a solemn contract, the bride of Heaven, unless I could prefer being wedded to villainy in the person of Rashleigh Osbaldistone, or brutality in that of his brother. I am, therefore, the bride of Heaven, betrothed to the convent from my cradle. To me, therefore, these raptures are misapplied—they only serve to prove a farther necessity for your departure, and that without delay." At these words she broke suddenly off, and said, but in a suppressed tone of voice, "Leave me instantly—we will meet here again, but it must be for the last time."

My eyes followed the direction of hers as she spoke, and I thought I saw the tapestry shake, which covered the door of the secret passage from Rashleigh's room to the library. I conceived we were obser-

ved, and turned an enquiring glance on Miss Vernon.

"It is nothing," said she, faintly; "a rat behind the arras."

"Dead for a ducat," would have been my reply, had I dared to give way to the feelings, which rose indignant at the idea of being subjected to an eve's-dropper on such an occasion. Prudence, and the necessity of suppressing my passion, and obeying Diana's reiterated command of "Leave me! leave me!" came in time to prevent any rash action. I left the apartment in a wild whirl and giddiness of mind, which I in vain attempted to compose when I returned to my own.

A chaos of thoughts intruded themselves on me at once, passing hastily through my mind, intercepting and overshadowing each other, and resembling those fogs which in mountainous countries are wont to descend in obscure volumes, and disfigure or obliterate the usual marks by which the travel-

ler steers his course through the wilds. The dark and undefined idea of danger arising to my father from the machinations of such a man as Rashleigh Osbaldistone,—the half-declaration of love which I had offered to Miss Vernon's acceptance,—the acknowledged difficulties of her situation, bound by a previous contract to sacrifice herself to a cloister, or to an ill-assorted marriage,—all pressed themselves at once upon my recollection, while my judgment was unable deliberately to consider any of them in its just light and bearings. But chiefly, and above all the rest, I was perplexed by the manner in which Miss Vernon had received my tender of affection, and by her manner, which, fluctuating betwixt sympathy and firmness, seemed to intimate that I possessed an interest in her bosom, but not of force sufficient to counterbalance the obstacles to her avowing a mutual affection. The glance of fear, rather than surprise, with which she had

watched the motion of the tapestry over the concealed door, implied an apprehension of danger which I could not but suppose well grounded, for Diana Vernon was little subject to the nervous emotions of her sex, and totally unapt to fear without actual and rational cause. Of what nature could these mysteries be with which she was surrounded as with an enchanter's spell, and which seemed continually to exert an active influence over her thoughts and actions, though their agents were never visible? On this subject of doubt my mind finally rested, as if glad to shake itself free from investigating the propriety or prudence of my own conduct, by transferring the enquiry to what concerned Miss Vernon. I will be resolved, I concluded, ere I leave Osbaldistone-Hall, concerning the light in which I must in future regard this fascinating being, over whose life frankness and mystery seem to have divided their reign, the former inspiring her words and

sentiments, the latter spreading in misty influence over all her actions.

Joined to the obvious interests which arose from curiosity and anxious passion, there mingled in my feelings a strong, though unavowed and undefined infusion of jealousy. This sentiment, which springs up with love as naturally as the tares with the wheat, was excited by the degree of influence which Diana appeared to concede to those unseen beings by whom her actions were limited. The more I reflected upon her character, the more I was internally, though unwillingly, convinced, that she was formed to set at defiance all controul, excepting that which arose from affection; and I felt a strong, bitter, and gnawing suspicion, that such was the foundation of that influence by which she was overawed.

These tormenting doubts strengthened my desire to penetrate into the secret of Miss Vernon's conduct, and in the prose-

cution of this sage adventure, I formed a resolution, of which, if you are not weary of these details, you will find the result in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."
TICKELL.

I HAVE already told you, Tresham, if you deign to bear it in remembrance, that my evening visits to the library had seldom been made excepting by appointment, and under the sanction of old Dame Martha's presence. This, however, was entirely a tacit conventional arrangement of my own instituting. Of late, as the embarrassments of our relative situation had increased, Miss Vernon and I had never met in the evening at all. She had therefore no reason to suppose that I was likely to seek a renewal

of these interviews, and especially without some previous notice or appointment betwixt us, that Martha might, as usual, be placed upon duty; but, on the other hand, this cautionary provision was a matter of understanding, not of express enactment. The library was open to me, as to the other members of the family, at all hours of the day and night, and I could not be accused of intrusion, however suddenly and unexpectedly I might make my appearance in it. My belief was strong, that in this apartment Miss Vernon occasionally received Vaughan, or some other person, by whose opinion she was accustomed to regulate her conduct, and that at the times when she could do so with least chance of interruption. The lights which gleamed in the library at unusual hours,—the passing shadows which I had myself remarked,—the footsteps which might be traced in the morning dew from the turret-door to the postern-gate in the garden,—sounds and sights which some of the servants, and Andrew Fairservice in

particular, had observed and accounted for in their own way, all went to shew that the place was visited by some one different from the ordinary inmates of the hall. Connected as this visitant must probably be with the fates of Diana Vernon, I did not hesitate to form a plan of discovering who or what he was,—how far his influence was likely to produce good or evil consequences to her on whom he acted,—above all, though I endeavoured to persuade myself that this was a mere subordinate consideration,—above all, I desired to know by what means this person had acquired or maintained his influence over Diana, and whether he ruled over her by fear or by affection. The proof that this jealous curiosity was uppermost in my mind, arose from my imagination always ascribing Miss Vernon's conduct to the influence of some one individual agent, although, for aught I knew about the matter, her advisers might be as numerous as Legion. I remarked this over and over to myself, but I found that my

mind still settled back in my original conviction, that one single individual, of the masculine sex, and, in all probability, young and handsome, was at the bottom of Miss Vernon's conduct; and it was with a burning desire of discovering, or rather of detecting, such a rival, that I stationed myself in the garden to watch the moment when the lights should appear in the library windows.

So eager, however, was my impatience, that I commenced my watch for a phenomenon, which could not appear until darkness, a full hour before the daylight disappeared, upon a July evening. It was Sabbath, and all the walks were still and solitary. I walked up and down for some time enjoying the refreshing coolness of a summer evening, and meditating on the probable consequences of my enterprise. The fresh and balmy air of the garden, impregnated with fragrance, produced its usual sedative effects on my over-heated and feverish blood; and as these took place, the tur-

moil of my mind began proportionally to abate, and I was led to question the right I had to interfere with Miss Vernon's secrets, or with those of my uncle's family. What was it to me whom my uncle might chuse to conceal in his house, where I was myself a guest only by tolerance? And what title had I to pry into the affairs of Miss Vernon, fraught, as she had avowed them to be, with mystery, into which she desired no scrutiny?

Passion and self-will were ready with their answers to these questions. In detecting this secret guest, I was in all probability about to do service to Sir Hildebrand, who was probably ignorant of the intrigues carried on in his family, and a still more important service to Miss Vernon, whose frank simplicity of character exposed her to so many risks in maintaining a private correspondence, perhaps with a person of doubtful or dangerous character. If I seemed to intrude myself on her confidence, it was with the generous and

disinterested (yes, I even ventured to call it the *disinterested*) intention of guiding, defending, and protecting her against craft, —against malice,—above all, against the secret counsellor whom she had chosen for her confidant. Such were the arguments which my will boldly preferred to my conscience, as coin which ought to be current; and which conscience, like a grumbling shopkeeper, was contented to accept, rather than come to an open breach with a customer, though more than doubting that the tender was spurious.

While I paced the green alleys, debating these things *pro* and *con*, I suddenly lighted upon Andrew Fairservice, perched up like a statue by a range of bee-hives, in an attitude of devout contemplation, one eye, however, watching the motions of the little irritable citizens, who were settling in their straw-thatched mansion for the evening, and the other fixed on a book of devotion, which much attrition had deprived of its

corners, and worn into an oval shape; a circumstance, which, with the close print and dingy colour of the volume in question, gave it an air of most respectable antiquity.

"I was e'en taking a spell o' worthy Mess John Quackleben's Flower of a Sweet Savour sawn on the Middenstead of this World," said Andrew, closing his book at my appearance, and putting his horn spectacles, by way of mark, at the place where he had been reading.

"And the bees, I observe, were dividing your attention, Andrew, with the learned author?"

"They are a contumacious generation," replied the gardener; "they hae sax days in the week to hive on, and yet it's a common observe that they will aye swarm on the Sabbath-day, and keep folk at hame frae hearing the word—But there's nae preaching at Graneagain Chapel the e'en—that's aye ae mercy."

"You might have gone to parish church as I did, Andrew, and heard an excellent discourse."

"Clauts o' cauld parridge—clauts o' cauld piarrdge," replied Andrew, with a most supercilious sneer,—"gude aneugh for dogs, begging your honour's pardon—Aye! I might nae doubt hae heard the curate linking awa' at it in his white sark yonder, and the musicians playing on whistles, mair like a penny wedding than a sermon—and to the boot of that, I might hae gaen to even-song, and heard Daddie Docharty mumbling his mass—muckle the better I wad hae been o' that."

"Docharty!" said I, (this was the name of an old priest, an Irishman I think, who sometimes officiated at Osbaldistone-Hall.) "I thought Father Vaughan had been at the Hall. He was there yesterday."

"Ay," replied Andrew; "but he left it yestreen, to gang to Greystock, or some o' thae west country haulds. There's an unco stir amang them a' e'enow. They are as

busy as my bees are—God sain them! that I suld even the puir things to the like o' papists. Ye see this is the second swarm, and whiles they will swarm off in the afternoon. The first swarm set off sune in the morning. But I am thinking they are settled in their skeps for the night. Sae I wuss your honour good night, and grace, and muckle o't."

So saying, Andrew retreated; but often cast a parting glance upon the *skeps*, as he called the bee-hives.

I had indirectly gained from him an important piece of information, that Father Vaughan, namely, was not supposed to be at the Hall. If, therefore, there appeared light in the windows of the library this evening, it either could not be his, or he was observing a very secret and suspicious line of conduct. I waited with impatience the time of sun-set and of twilight. It had hardly arrived, ere a gleam from the windows of the library was seen, dimly distinguishable amidst the still enduring light of

evening. I marked its first glimpse, however, as speedily as the benighted sailor descries the first distant twinkle of the light-house which marks his course. The feelings of doubt and propriety, which had hitherto contended with my curiosity and jealousy, vanished when an opportunity of gratifying the former was presented to me. I re-entered the house, and, avoiding the more frequented apartments with the consciousness of one who wishes to keep his purpose secret, I reached the door of the library,—hesitated for a moment as my hand was upon the latch,—heard a suppressed step within,—opened the door,—and found Miss Vernon alone.

Diana appeared surprised,—whether at my sudden entrance, or for some other cause, I could not guess; but there was in her appearance a degree of flutter, which I had never before remarked, and which I knew could only be produced by unusual emotion. Yet she was calm in a moment; and such is the force of conscience, that I,

who studied to surprise her, seemed myself the surprised, and was certainly the embarrassed person.

"Has any thing happened?" said Miss Vernon. "Has any one arrived at the Hall?"

"No one that I know of," I answered, in some confusion; "I only sought the Orlando."

"It lies there," said Miss Vernon, pointing to the table.

In removing one or two books to get at that which I pretended to seek, I was, in truth, meditating to make a handsome retreat from an investigation, to which I felt my assurance inadequate, when I perceived a man's glove lying upon the table. My eyes encountered those of Miss Vernon, who blushed deeply.

"It is one of my reliques," she said, with hesitation, replying not to my words, but to my looks; "it is one of the gloves of my grandfather, the original of the superb Vandyke which you admire."

As if she thought something more than her bare assertion was necessary, to make her assertion true, she opened a drawer of the large oaken-table, and, taking out another glove, threw it towards me. When a temper naturally ingenuous stoops to equivocate or to dissemble, the anxious pain with which the unwonted task is laboured, often induces the hearer to doubt the authenticity of the tale. I cast a hasty glance on both gloves, and then replied gravely— "The gloves resemble each other, doubtless, in the form and embroidery; but they cannot form a pair, since they both belong to the right hand."

She bit her lip with anger, and again coloured deeply.

"You do right to expose me," she replied, with bitterness; "some friends would have only judged from what I said, that I chose to give no particular explanation of a circumstance which calls for none—at least to a stranger. You have judged better, and have made me feel, not only the

meanness of duplicity, but my own inadequacy to sustain the task of a dissembler. I now tell you distinctly, that that glove is not the fellow, as you have acutely discerned, to the one which I just now produced. It belongs to a friend yet dearer to me than the original of Vandyke's picture—a friend by whose counsels I have been, and will be guided—whom I honour—whom I"——She paused.

I was irritated at her manner, and filled up the blank in my own way. "Whom she *loves*, Miss Vernon would say."

"And if I do say so," she replied, haughtily, "by whom shall my affection be called to account?"

"Not by me, Miss Vernon, assuredly. I entreat you to hold me acquitted of such presumption. *But*," I continued, with some emphasis, for I was now piqued in return "I hope Miss Vernon will pardon a friend, from whom she seems disposed to withdraw the title, for observing"—

"Observe nothing, sir," she interrupted,

with some vehemence, " excepting that I will neither be doubted nor questioned. There does not exist one by whom I will be either interrogated or judged; and if you sought this unusual time of presenting yourself, in order to spy upon my privacy, the friendship or interest with which you pretend to regard me, is a poor excuse for your uncivil curiosity."

" I relieve you of my presence," said I, with pride equal to her own; for my temper has ever been a stranger to stooping, even in cases where my feelings were most deeply interested—" I relieve you of my presence. I awake from a pleasant, but a most delusive dream; and—but we understand each other."

I had reached the door of the apartment, when Miss Vernon, whose movements were sometimes so rapid as to seem almost instinctive, overtook me, and, catching hold of my arm, stopped me with that air of authority which she could so whimsically assume, and which, from the naiveté and

simplicity of her manner, had an effect so peculiarly interesting.

"Stop, Mr Frank," she said; "you are not to leave me in that way neither; I am not so amply provided with friends, that I can afford to throw away even the ungrateful and the selfish. Mark what I say, Mr Francis Osbaldistone; you shall know nothing of this mysterious glove," and she held it up as she spoke—"nothing—no, not a single iota more than you know already; and yet I will not permit it to be a gauntlet of strife and defiance betwixt us. My time here," she said, sinking into a tone somewhat softer, "must necessarily be very short; yours must be still shorter: We are soon to part, never to meet again; do not let us quarrel, or make my mysterious miseries the pretext for farther embittering the few hours we shall ever pass together on this side of eternity."

I do not know, Tresham, by what witchery this fascinating creature obtained such complete management over a temper, which I cannot at all times manage myself. I

had determined, on entering the library, to seek a complete explanation with Miss Vernon. I had found that she refused it with indignant defiance, and avowed to my face the preference of a rival; for what other construction could I put on her declared preference of her mysterious confidant? And yet, while I was on the point of leaving the apartment, and breaking with her for ever, it cost her but a change of look and tone from that of real and haughty resentment, to that of kind and playful despotism, again shaded off into melancholy and serious feeling, to lead me back to my seat, her willing subject, on her own hard terms.

"What does this avail?" said I, as I sate down. "What can this avail, Miss Vernon? Why should I witness embarrassments which I cannot relieve, and mysteries which I offend you even by attempting to penetrate? Inexperienced as you are in the world, you must still be aware, that a beautiful young woman can have but one male friend. Even in a male

friend, I should be jealous of a confidence shared with a third party unknown and concealed; but with *you*, Miss Vernon"—

"You are, of course, jealous, in all the tenses and moods of that amicable passion. But, my good friend, you have all this time spoke nothing but the paltry gossip which simpletons repeat from play-books and romances, till they give mere cant a real and powerful influence over their minds. Boys and girls prate themselves into love; and when their love is like to fall asleep, they prate and teaze themselves into jealousy. But you and I, Frank, are rational beings, and neither silly nor idle enough to talk ourselves into any other relation, than that of plain honest disinterested friendship. Any other union is as far out of our reach as if I were man, or you woman.—To speak truth," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "even though I am so complaisant to the decorum of my sex as to blush a little at my own plain dealing, we cannot marry, if we would; and we ought not, if we could."

And certainly, Tresham, she did blush most angelically as she made this cruel declaration. I was about to attack both her positions, entirely forgetting those very suspicions which had been confirmed in the course of the evening, but she proceeded with a cold firmness which approached to severity.

"What I say is sober and indisputable truth, on which I will neither hear question nor explanation. We are therefore friends, Mr Osbaldistone?—are we not?" She held out her hand, and taking mine, added,—"And nothing to each other now, or henceforward, excepting friends."

She let go my hand. I sunk it and my head at once, fairly *overcrowed*, as Spenser would have termed it, by the mingled kindness and firmness of her manner. She hastened to change the subject.

"Here is a letter," she said, "directed for you, Mr Osbaldistone, very duly and distinctly; but which, notwithstanding the caution of the person who wrote and addressed it, might perhaps never have reach-

ed your hands, had it not fallen into the possession of a certain Pacolet, or enchanted dwarf of mine, whom, like all distressed damsels of romance, I retain in my secret service."

I opened the letter, and glanced over the contents—the unfolded sheet of paper dropped from my hands, with the involuntary exclamation, "Gracious Heaven! my folly and disobedience has ruined my father!"

Miss Vernon rose with looks of real and affectionate alarm. "You grow pale—you are ill—shall I bring you a glass of water? Be a man, Mr Osbaldistone, and a firm one. Is your father—is he no more?"

"He lives," said I, "thank God! but to what distress and difficulty"——

"If that be all, despair not. May I read this letter?" she said, taking it up.

I assented, hardly knowing what I said. She read it with great attention.

"Who is this Mr Tresham, who signs the letter?"

" My father's partner," (your own good father, Will,) " but he is little in the habit of acting personally in the business of the house."

" He writes here," said Miss Vernon, " of various letters sent to you previously."

" I have received none of them," I replied.

" And it appears," she continued, " that Rashleigh, who has taken the full management of affairs during your father's absence in Holland, has some time since left London for Scotland, with effects and remittances to take up large bills granted by your father to persons in that country, and that he has not since been heard of."

" It is but too true."

" And here has been," she added, looking at the letter, " a head-clerk, or some such person,—Owenson—Owen—dispatched to Glasgow, to find out Rashleigh, if possible, and you are entreated to repair to the same place and assist him in his researches."

"It is even so, and I must depart instantly."

"Stay but one moment," said Miss Vernon. "It seems to me that the worst which can come of this matter will be the loss of a certain sum of money; and can that bring tears into your eyes? For shame, Mr Osbaldistone!"

"You do me injustice, Miss Vernon," I answered. "I grieve not for the loss, but for the effect which I know it will produce on the spirits and health of my father, to whom mercantile credit is as honour; and who, if declared insolvent, would sink into the grave, oppressed by a sense of grief, remorse, and despair, like that of a soldier convicted of cowardice, or a man of honour who had lost his rank and character in society. All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labours of his honourable and useful profession. Good Heaven! how shall I redeem the consequences of my error!"

"By instantly repairing to Glasgow, as you are conjured to do by the friend who writes this letter."

"But if Rashleigh has really formed this base and unconscientious scheme of plundering his benefactor, what prospect is there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?"

"The prospect, indeed, may be uncertain; but, on the other hand, there is no possibility of your doing any service to your father by remaining here.—Remember, had you been on the post destined for you, this disaster could not have happened; hasten to that which is now pointed out, and it may possibly be retrieved—Yet stay—do not leave this room until I return."

She left me in confusion and amazement, amid which, however, I could find a lucid interval to admire the firmness, composure, and presence of mind, which Miss Vernon seemed to possess on every crisis, however sudden.

In a few minutes she returned with a

sheet of paper in her hand, folded and sealed like a letter, but without address. "I trust you," she said, "with this proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of your distress rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day—the 12th of September, I think, is named, in order that they may be applied to pay the bills in question; and, consequently, that, if adequate funds be provided before that period, your father's credit is safe from the apprehended calamity."

"Certainly—I so understand Mr Tresham"—I looked at your father's letter again, and added, "There cannot be a doubt of it."

"Well," said Diana, "in that case my little Pacolet may be of use to you.—You have heard of a spell contained in a letter. Take this packet; do not open it until other and ordinary means have failed; if you succeed by your own exertions, I trust

to your honour for destroying it without opening or suffering it to be opened. But if not, you may break the seal within ten days of the fated day, and you will find directions which may possibly be of service to you.—Adieu, Frank; we never meet more—but sometimes think on your friend Die Vernon."

She extended her hand, but I clasped her to my bosom. She sighed as she extricated herself from the embrace which she permitted, escaped to the door which led to her own apartment, and I saw her no more.

CHAPTER V.

nd hurry, hurry, off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Hurra, hurra, the dead can ride,
Dost fear to ride with me?

BURGHER.

THERE is one advantage in an accumulation of evils differing in cause and character, that the distraction which they afford by their contradictory operation prevents the patient from being overwhelmed under either. I was deeply grieved at my separation from Miss Vernon, yet not so much so as I should have been had not my father's apprehended distresses forced themselves on my attention; and I was distressed by the news of Mr Tresham, yet less so than if they had fully occupied my mind. I was

neither a false lover nor an unfeeling son; but man can give but a certain portion of distressful emotions to the causes which demand them, and if two operate at once, our sympathy, like the funds of a compounding bankrupt, can only be divided between them. Such were my reflections when I gained my apartment—it seems, from the illustration, they already began to have a twang of commerce in them.

I set myself seriously to consider your father's letter; it was not very distinct, and referred for several particulars to Owen, whom I was entreated to meet with as soon as possible at a Scotch town, called Glasgow; being informed, moreover, that my old friend was to be heard of at Messrs Macvittie, Macfin, and Company, merchants in the Gallowgate of the said town. It likewise alluded to several letters, which, as it appeared to me, must have miscarried or have been intercepted, and complained of my obdurate silence in terms which would have been highly unjust, had

my letters reached their purposed destination. I was amazed as I read. That the spirit of Rashleigh walked around me, and conjured up these doubts and difficulties by which I was surrounded, I could not doubt for one instant; yet it was frightful to conceive the extent of combined villainy and power which he must have employed to the perpetration of his designs. Let me do myself justice in one respect; the evil of parting from Miss Vernon, however, distressing it might in other respects and at another time have appeared to me, sunk into a subordinate consideration when I thought of the dangers impending over my father. I did not myself set a high estimation on wealth, and had the affectation of most young men of lively imagination, who suppose that they can better dispense with the possession of money, than resign their time and faculties to the labour necessary to acquire it. But in my father's case, I knew that bankruptcy would be considered as an utter and irretrievable disgrace, to which life would afford no com-

fort, and death the speediest and sole relief.

My mind, therefore, was bent on averting this catastrophe, with an intensity which the interest could not have produced had it referred to my own fortunes; and the result of my deliberation was a firm resolution to depart from Osbaldistone-Hall the next day, and wend my way without loss of time to meet Owen at Glasgow. I did not hold it expedient to intimate my departure to my uncle otherwise than by leaving a letter of thanks for his hospitality, assuring him that sudden and important business prevented my offering them in person. I knew the blunt old knight would readily excuse ceremony, and I had such a belief in the extent and decided character of Rashleigh's machinations, that I had some apprehension of his having provided means to intercept a journey which was undertaken with a view to disconcert them, if my departure were publicly announced at Osbaldistone-Hall.

I therefore determined to set off on my journey with day-light in the ensuing morning, and to gain the neighbouring kingdom of Scotland before any idea of my departure was entertained at the Hall; but one impediment of consequence was likely to prevent that speed which was the soul of my expedition. I did not know the shortest, or indeed any road to Glasgow; and as, in the circumstances in which I stood, dispatch was of the greatest consequence, I determined to consult Andrew Fairservice upon the subject, as the nearest and most authentic authority within my reach. Late as it was, I set off with the intention of ascertaining this important point, and after a few minutes walk reached the dwelling of the gardener.

Andrew's dwelling was situated at no great distance from the exterior wall of the garden, a snug, comfortable Northumbrian cottage, built of stones roughly dressed with the hammer, and having the windows and doors decorated with huge heavy archi-

traves, or lintels, as they are called, of hewn stone, and its roof covered with broad grey flags, instead of slates, thatch, or tiles. A jargonell pear-tree at one end of the cottage, a rivulet, and flower-plot of a rood in extent, in front, and a kitchen-garden behind; a paddock for a cow, and a small field, cultivated with several crops of grain rather for the benefit of the cottager than for sale, announced the warm and cordial comforts which Old England, even at her most northern extremity, extends to her meanest inhabitants.

As I approached the mansion of the sapient Andrew, I heard a noise, which, being of a nature peculiarly solemn, nasal, and prolonged, led me to think that Andrew, according to the decent and meritorious custom of his countrymen, had assembled some of his neighbours to join in family-exercise, as he called evening devotion. Andrew had indeed neither wife, child, nor female inmate in his family. "The first of his trade," he said, "had had eneugh o'

thae cattle." But, notwithstanding, he sometimes contrived to form an audience for himself out of the neighbouring Papists and Church-of-England-men, brands, as he expressed it, snatched out of the burning, on whom he used to exercise his spiritual gifts, in defiance alike of Father Vaughan, Father Docharty, Rashleigh, and all the world of Catholics around him, who deemed his interference on such occasions an act of heretical interloping. I conceived it likely, therefore, that the well-disposed neighbours might have assembled to hold some chapel of ease of this nature. The noise, however, when I listened to it more accurately, seemed to proceed entirely from the lungs of the said Andrew; and when I interrupted it by entering the house, I found Fairservice alone, combatting, as he best could, with long words and hard names, and reading aloud, for the purpose of his own edification, a volume of controversial divinity. "I was just taking a spell," said he, laying aside the huge folio volume as

I entered, "of the worthy Doctor Lightfoot."

"Lightfoot!" I replied, looking at the ponderous volume with some surprise; "surely your author was unhappily named."

"Lightfoot was his name, sir; a divine he was, and another kind of a divine than they hae now-a-days. Always, I crave your pardon for keeping ye standing at the door, but having been mistrysted (gude preserve us) with ae bogle the night already, I was dubious o' opening the yate till I had gaen through the e'ening worship; and I had just finished the fifth chapter of Nehemiah —if that winna gar them keep their distance, I wot na what will."

"Trysted with a bogle!" said I; "what do you mean by that, Andrew?"

"That," said Andrew," is as muckle as to say fley'd wi' a ghaist—gude preserve us, I say again!"

"Flay'd by a ghost, Andrew! how am I to understand that?"

"I did not say flay'd," replied Andrew, "but *fley'd*, that is, I got a fleg, and was ready to jump out o' my skin, though naebody offered to whirl it aff my body as a man wad bark a tree."

"I beg a truce to your terrors in the present case, Andrew, and I wish to know whether you can direct me the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland, called Glasgow?"

"A town ca'd Glasgow!" echoed Andrew Fairservice. "Glasgow's a city, man —And is't the way to Glasgow ye were speering if I kenn'd?—What suld ail me to ken it?—it's no that dooms far frae my ain parish of Dreepdaily, that lies a bittock farther to the west. But what may your honour be gaun to Glasgow for?"

"Particular business."

"That's as muckle as to say, speer nae questions, and I'll tell ye nae lies—To Glasgow?" he made a short pause—"I am thinking ye wad be the better o' some ane to show ye the road."

"Certainly, if I could meet with any person going that way."

"And your honour, doubtless, wad consider the time and trouble?"

"Unquestionably—my business is pressing, and if you can find any lad to accompany me, I'll pay him handsomely."

"This is no a day to speak o' carnal matters," said Andrew, casting his eyes upwards; "but if it were na Sabbath at e'en I wad speer what ye wad be content to gi'e to ane that wad bear ye pleasant company on the road, and tell ye the names of the gentlemens' and noblemens' seats and castles, and count their kin to ye?"

"I tell you, all I want to know is the road I must travel; I will pay the fellow to his satisfaction—I will give him any thing in reason."

"Any thing," replied Andrew, "is naething; and this lad that I am speaking o' kens a' the short cuts and queer bye-paths through the hills, and"——

"I have no time to talk about it, Andrew; do you make the bargain for me your own way."

"Aha! that's speaking to the purpose," answered Andrew.—"I am thinking since sae be that sae it is, I'll be the lad that will guide you mysel."

"You, Andrew? how will you get away from your employment?"

"I tell'd your honour a while syne that it was lang that I hae been thinking of flitting, maybe as lang as frae the first year I came to Osbaldistone-Hall, and now I am o' the mind to gang in gude earnest—better soon as syne—better a finger aff as aye wagging."

"You leave your service then?—but will you not lose your wages?"

"Nae doubt there will be a certain loss; but then I hae siller o' the laird's in my hands that I took for the apples in the auld orchyard, and a sair bargain the folk had that bought them—a wheen green trash—and yet Sir Hildebrand's as keen to

hae the siller (that is, the steward is as pressing about it) as if they had been a' gowden pippins—and then there's the siller for the seeds—I'm thinking the wage will be in a manner decently made up.—But doubtless your honour will consider my risk of loss when we won to Glasgow—and ye'll be for setting out forthwith?"

"By day-break in the morning."

"That's something o' the suddenest—whare am I to find a naig?—Stay—I ken just the beast that will answer me."

"At five in the morning then, Andrew, you will meet me at the head of the avenue."

"Deil a fear o' me (that I suld say sae) missing my tryste," replied Andrew very briskly; "and, if I might advise, we wad be aff twa hours earlier. I ken the way, dark or light, as weel as blind Ralph Ronaldson, that's travelled ower every moor in the country-side, and does na ken the colour of a heather-cowe when a's dune."

I highly approved of Andrew's amendment on my original proposal, and we

agreed to meet at the place appointed at three in the morning. At once, however, a reflection came across the mind of my intended travelling companion.

"The bogle! the bogle! what if it should come out upon us?—I downa forgather wi' thae things twice in the four-and-twenty hours."

"Pooh! pooh!" I exclaimed, breaking away from him, "fear nothing from the next world—the earth contains living fiends who can act for themselves without assistance, were the whole host that fell with Lucifer to return to aid and abet them."

With these words, the import of which was suggested by my own situation, I left Andrew's habitation and returned to the Hall.

I made the few preparations which were necessary for my proposed journey, examined and loaded my pistols, and then threw myself on my bed, to obtain, if possible, a brief sleep before the fatigue of a long and anxious journey. Nature, ex-

hausted by the tumultuous agitations of the day, was kinder to me than I expected, and I sunk into a deep and profound sleep, from which, however, I started as the old clock struck two from a turret adjoining to my bed-chamber. I instantly arose, struck a light, wrote the letter I proposed to leave for my uncle, and leaving behind me such articles of dress as were cumbrous in carriage, I deposited the rest of my wardrobe in my valise, glided down stairs, and gained the stable without impediment. Without being quite such a groom as any of my cousins, I had learned at Osbaldistone-Hall to dress and saddle my own horse, and in a few minutes I was mounted and ready for my sally.

As I paced up the old avenue, on which the waning moon threw its light with a pale and whitish tinge, I looked back with a deep and boding sigh towards the walls which contained Diana Vernon, under the despondent impression that we had probably parted to meet no more. It was im-

possible among the long and irregular lines of Gothic casements, which now looked ghastly white in the moonlight, to distinguish that of the apartment which she inhabited. "She is lost to me already," thought I, as my eye wandered over the dim and undistinguishable intricacies of architecture offered by the moonlight view of Osbaldistone-Hall—"She is lost to me already, ere I have left the place which she inhabits! What hope is there of my maintaining any correspondence with her when leagues shall lie between?"

While I paused in a reverie of no very pleasing nature, the "iron tongue of time told three upon the drowsy ear of night," and reminded me of the necessity of keeping my appointment with a person of a less interesting description and appearance —Andrew Fairservice.

At the gate of the avenue I found a horseman stationed in the shadow of the wall, but it was not until I had coughed twice, and then called "Andrew," that

the horticulturist replied, "I'se warrant it's Andrew."

"Lead the way then," said I, "and be silent if you can till we are past the hamlet in the valley."

Andrew led the way accordingly, and at a much brisker pace than I would have recommended; and so well did he obey my injunctions of keeping silence, that he would return no answer to my repeated enquiries into the cause of such unnecessary haste. Extricating ourselves by short cuts, known to Andrew, from the numerous stony lanes and bye-paths which intersected each other in the vicinity of the Hall, we reached the open heath; and riding swiftly across it, took our course among barren hills which divide England from Scotland on what are called the Middle Marches. The way, or rather the broken track which we occupied, was a happy interchange of bog and shingles; nevertheless, Andrew relented nothing of his speed, but trotted manfully forward at the rate of eight or ten miles an

hour. I was surprised and provoked at the fellow's obstinate persistance, for we made abrupt ascents and descents over ground of a very break-neck character, and traversed the edge of precipices, where a slip of the horse's feet would have consigned the rider to certain death. The moon, at best, afforded a dubious and imperfect light; but in some places we were so much under the shade of the mountain as to be in total darkness, and then I could only trace Andrew by the clatter of his horse's feet, and the fire which they struck from the flints. At first, this rapid motion, and the attention which, for the sake of personal safety, I was compelled to give to the conduct of my horse, was of service, by forcibly diverting my thoughts from the various painful reflections which must otherwise have pressed on my mind. But at length, after hallooing repeatedly to Andrew to ride slower, I became seriously incensed at his impudent perseverance in refusing either to obey or to reply to me. My anger was, however, quite impotent. I at-

tempted once or twice to get up along-side of my self-willed guide, with the purpose of knocking him off his horse with the butt-end of my whip; but Andrew was better mounted than I, and either the spirit of the animal which he bestrode, or more probably some presentiment of my kind intentions towards him, induced him to quicken his pace whenever I attempted to make up to him. On the other hand, I was compelled to exert my spurs to keep him in sight, for without his guidance I was too well aware that I should never find my way through the howling wilderness which we now traversed at such an unwonted pace. I was so angry at length, that I threatened to have recourse to my pistols, and send a bullet after the Hotspur Andrew, which should stop his fiery-footed career, if he did not abate it of his own accord. Apparently this threat made some impression on the tympanum of his ear, however deaf to all my milder entreaties; for he relaxed his pace upon hearing it, and suffering me to close

up to him, observed, "There wasna muckle sense in riding at sic a daft-like gate."

"And what did you mean by doing it at all, you scoundrel?" replied I, for I was in a towering passion, to which, by the way, nothing contributes more than the having recently undergone a spice of personal fear, which, like a few drops of water flung on a glowing fire, is sure to inflame the ardour which it is insufficient to quench.

"What's your honour's wull?" replied Andrew, with impenetrable gravity.

"My will, you rascal?—I have been roaring to you this hour to ride slower, and you have never so much as answered me—Are you drunk or mad to behave so?"

"An it like your honour, I am something dull o' hearing; and I'll no deny but I might have maybe ta'en a stirrup cup at parting frae the auld bigging whare I hae dwalt sae lang; and having naebody to pledge me, nae doubt I was obliged to do myself reason, or else leave the end o' the

brandy stoup to thae papists, and that wad be a waste, as your honour kens."

This might be all very true, and my circumstances required that I should be on good terms with my guide; I therefore satisfied myself with requiring of him to take his directions from me in future concerning the rate of travelling.

Andrew, emboldened by the mildness of my tone, elevated his own into the pedantic, conceited octave, which was familiar to him on most occasions.

"Your honour winna persuade me, and naebody shall persuade me, that its either halesome or prudent to tak the night air on thae moors without a cordial o' clow-gilliflower water, or a tass of brandy or aquavitæ, or sic like creature-comfort. I hae taen the bent ower the Otterscape-rigg a hundred times, day and night, and never could find the way unless I had taen my morning; mair by token that I had whiles twa bits o' ankers o' brandy on ilk side o' me."—

"In other words, Andrew, you were a smuggler—how does a man of your strict principles reconcile yourself to cheat the revenue?"

"Its a mere spoiling o' the Egyptians," replied Andrew; "puir auld Scotland suffered aneugh by thae blackguard loons o' excisemen and gaugers, that hae come down on her like locusts since the sad and sorrowfu' Union; its the part of a kind son to bring her a soup o' something that will keep up her auld heart, and that will they nill they, the ill-fa'ard thieves."

Upon more particular enquiry, I found Andrew had frequently travelled these mountain paths as a smuggler, both before and after his establishment at Osbaldistone-Hall, a circumstance which was so far of importance to me, as it proved his capacity as a guide; notwithstanding the escapade of which he had been guilty at his outset. Even now, though travelling at a more moderate pace, the stirrup-cup, or whatever else had such an effect in stimu-

lating Andrew's motions, seemed not to tally to have lost its influence. He often cast a nervous and startled look behind him; and whenever the road seemed at all practicable, shewed symptoms of a desire to accelerate his pace, as if he feared some pursuit from behind. These appearances of alarm gradually diminished as we reached the top of a high bleak ridge, which ran nearly east and west for about a mile, with a very steep descent on either side. The pale beams of the morning were now enlightening the horizon, when Andrew cast a look behind him, and not seeing the appearance of a living being on the moors which he had travelled, his hard features gradually unbent, as he first whistled, then sung, with much glee and little melody, the end of one of his native songs:

"Jenny lass! I think I hae her
Ower the moor amang the heather;
All heir clan shall never get her."

He patted at the same time the neck of the horse which had carried him so gallantly; and my attention being directed by that action to the animal, I instantly recognized a favourite mare of Thorncliff Osbaldistone. "How is this, sir?" said I sternly; "that is Master Thorncliff's mare!"

"I'll no say but she may aiblins hae been his Honour's, Squire Thorncliff's, in her day, but she's mine now."

"You have stolen her, you rascal."

"Na, na, sir, nae man can wyte me wi' theft—The thing stands this gate, ye see—Squire Thorncliff borrowed ten punds o' me to gang to York Races—deil a boddle wad he pay me back again, and spake o' raddling my banes, as he ca'd it, when I asked him but for my ain back again—now I think it will riddle him or he gets his horse ower the Border again—unless he pays me plack and bawbee, he sall never see a hair o' her tail. I ken a canny chield at Loughmaben, a bit writer lad that put me in

the way to sort him—Steal the mear! na, na, far be the sin o' theft frae Andrew Fairservice—I have just arrested her *jurisdictiones fandandy causey.* Thae are bonnie writer words—amaist like the language o' huz gardners and other learned men—its a pity they're sae dear—thae three words were a' that Andrew got for a lang law-plea, and four ankers o' as gude brandy as was e'er coupit ower craig—Hech sirs! but law's a dear thing."

"You are likely to find it much dearer than you suppose, Andrew, if you proceed in this mode of paying yourself, without legal authority."

"Hout tout, we're in Scotland now (be praised for't), and I can find baith friends and lawyers, and judges too, as weel as ony Osbaldistone o' them a'. My mither's mither's third cousin was cousin to the Provost o' Dumfries, and he winna see a drap o' her blude wranged. Hout awa, the laws are indifferently administered here to a' men alike; it's no like on yon side, when a chield

may be whuppit awa' wi' ane o' Clerk Jobson's warrants, afore he kens where he is. But they will hae little eneugh law amang them by and bye, and that is ae grand reason that I hae gi'en them gude day."

I was highly provoked at this achievement of Andrew, and considered it as a hard fate, which a second time threw me into collision with a person of such irregular practices. I determined, however, to buy the mare of him, when we should reach the end of our journey, and send her back to my cousin at Osbaldistone-Hall; and, with this purpose of reparation, I resolved to make my uncle acquainted from the next post-town. It was needless, I thought, to quarrel with Andrew in the meantime, who had, after all, acted not very unnaturally for a person in his circumstances. I therefore smothered my resentment, and asked him, what he meant by his last expressions, that there would be little law in Northumberland by and bye?

"Law!" said Andrew, "hout, ay—there

will be club-law eneugh. The priests and the Irish officers, and thae papist cattle that hae been sodgering abroad, because they durst na bide at hame, are a' fleeing thick in Northumberland e'enow, and thae corbies dinna gather without they smell carrion. As sure as ye live, his honour Sir Hildebrand is gaun to stick his horn in the bog—there's naething but gun and pistol, sword and dagger, amang them—and they'll be laying on, I'se warrant; for they're fearless fules the young Osbaldistone squires, aye craving your honour's pardon."

This speech recalled to my memory some suspicions that I myself had entertained, that the jacobites were on the eve of some desperate enterprize. But, conscious it did not become me to be a spy on my uncle's words and actions, I had rather avoided than availed myself of any opportunity which occurred of remarking upon the signs of the times. Andrew Fairservice felt no such restraint, and doubtless spoke very truly in stating his conviction, that

some desperate plots were in agitation, as a reason which determined his resolution to leave the Hall.

"The servants," he stated, "with the tenantry and others, had been all regularly enrolled and mustered, and they wanted me to take arms also. But I'll ride in nae siccan troop—they little kenn'd Andrew that asked him. I'll fight when I like mysell, but it sall neither be for the hoor of Babylon, nor ony hoor in England."

CHAPTER VI.

Where longs to fall yon rifted spire,
As weary of the insulting air;
The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
The lover's sighs are sleeping there.

LANGHORNE.

AT the first Scotch town which we reached, my guide sought out his friend and counsellor, to consult upon the proper and legal means of converting into his own lawful property the "bonnie creature," which was at present his own only by one of those slight-of-hand arrangements, which still sometimes took place in that once lawless district. I was somewhat diverted with the dejection of his looks on his return. He had, it seems, been rather too communicative to his confidential friend, the at-

torney; and learned with great dismay, in return for his unsuspecting frankness, that Mr Touthope had, during his absence, been appointed clerk to the peace of the county, and was bound to communicate to justice all such achievements as that of his friend, Mr Andrew Fairservice. There was a necessity, this alert member of police stated, for arresting the horse, and placing him in Baillie Trumbull's stable, therein to remain at livery, at the rate of twelve shillings (Scotch) per diem, until the question of property was duly tried and debated. He even talked, as if, in strict and rigorous execution of his duty, he ought to detain honest Andrew himself; but on my guide's most piteously entreating his forbearance, he not only desisted from this proposal, but made a present to Andrew of a broken-winded and spavined poney, in order to enable him to pursue his journey. It is true, he qualified this act of generosity by exacting from poor Andrew an absolute cession of his

right and interest in the gallant palfrey of Thorncliff Osbaldistone; a transference which Mr Touthope represented as of very little consequence, since his unfortunate friend, as he facetiously observed, was likely to get nothing of the mare excepting the halter.

Andrew seemed woeful and disconcerted, as I screwed out of him these particulars; for his northern pride was cruelly pinched by being compelled to admit that attorneys were attorneys on both sides of the Tweed; and that Mr Clerk Touthope was not a farthing more sterling coin than Mr Clerk Jobson.

"It wadna hae vexed him half sae muckle to hae been cheated out o' what might amaist be said to be won with the peril o' his craig, had it happened amang the Inglishers; but it was an unco thing to see hawks pike out hawks e'en, or ae kindly Scot cheat anither. But nae doubt things were strangely changed in his country sin' the sad and sorrowfu' Union;" an

event to which Andrew referred every symptom of depravity or degeneracy which he remarked among his countrymen, more especially the inflammation of reckonings, the diminished size of pint-stoups, and other grievances, which he pointed out to me during our journey.

For my own part, I held myself, as things had turned out, acquitted of all charge of the mare, and wrote to my uncle the circumstances under which she was carried into Scotland, concluding with informing him that she was in the hands of Justice, and her worthy representatives, Baillie Trumbull and Mr Clerk Touthope, to whom I referred him for farther particulars. Whether the property returned to the Northumbrian fox-hunter, or continued to bear the person of the Scottish attorney, it is unnecessary for me at present to say.

We now pursued our journey to the northwestward, at a rate much slower than

that at which we had achieved our nocturnal retreat from England. One chain of barren and uninteresting hills succeeded another, until the more fertile vale of Clyde opened upon us, and with such dispatch as we might we gained the town, or, as my guide pertinaciously termed it, the city of Glasgow. Of late years, I understand, it has fully deserved the name, which, by a sort of political second sight, my guide distinguished it. An extensive and increasing trade with the West Indies and American colonies, has, if I am rightly informed, laid the foundation of wealth and prosperity, which, carefully strengthened and built upon, may one day support an immense fabric of commercial prosperity; but, in the earlier time of which I speak, the dawn of this splendour had not arisen. The Union had, indeed, opened to Scotland the trade to the English colonies; but, betwixt want of capital, and the national jealousy of the English, the merchants of Scotland were as yet excluded, in a great mea-

sure, from the exercise of the privileges which that memorable treaty conferred on them. Glasgow lay upon the wrong side of the island for participating in the east country or continental trade, by which the trifling commerce as yet produced in Scotland chiefly supported itself. Yet, though she then gave small promise of the commercial eminence to which, I am informed, she seems now likely one day to attain, Glasgow, as the principal central town of the western district of Scotland, was a place of considerable rank and importance. The broad and brimming Clyde, which flows so near its walls, gave the means of an inland navigation of some importance. Not only the fertile plains in its immediate neighbourhood, but the districts of Ayr and Dumfries regarded Glasgow as their capital, to which they transmitted their produce, and received in return such necessaries and luxuries as their consumption required.

The dusky mountains of the Western Highlands often sent forth wilder tribes to frequent the marts of St Mungo's favourite city. Hordes of wild, shaggy, dwarfish cattle and ponies, conducted by Highlanders, as wild, as shaggy, and sometimes as dwarfish as the animals they had in charge, often traversed the streets of Glasgow. Strangers gazed with surprize on the antique and fantastic dress, and listened to the unknown and dissonant sounds of their language, while the mountaineers, armed even while engaged in this peaceful occupation with musket and pistol, sword, dagger, and target, stared with astonishment on the articles of luxury of which they knew not the use, and with avidity which seemed somewhat alarming upon the articles which they knew and valued. It is always with unwillingness that the Highlander quits his deserts, and at this early period it was like tearing a pine from its rock to plant him elsewhere. Yet even then the mountain

glens were over-peopled, until thinned occasionally by famine or by the sword, and many of their inhabitants strayed down to Glasgow—there formed settlements—there sought and found employment, though different, indeed, from those of their native hills. This supply of a hardy and useful population was of consequence to the prosperity of the place, furnished the means of carrying on the few manufactures which the town already boasted, and laid the foundation of its future prosperity.

The exterior of the city corresponded with these promising circumstances. The principal street was broad and important, decorated with public buildings, of an architecture rather striking than correct in point of taste, and running between rows of tall houses, built with stone, the fronts of which were occasionally richly ornamented with mason-work, a circumstance which gave the street an imposing air of dignity and grandeur, of which most English towns

are in some measure deprived, by the slight, unsubstantial, and perishable quality and appearance of the bricks with which they are constructed.

In the western metropolis of Scotland, my guide and I arrived upon a Thursday morning. The bells pealed from the steeple, and the number of people who thronged the streets, and poured to the churches, announced that this was a day of worship. We alighted at the door of a jolly hostler-wife, as Andrew called her, the Ostelere of old father Chaucer, by whom we were civilly received. My first impulse, of course, was to seek out Owen, but upon enquiry I found that my attempt would be in vain, "until kirk time was ower." Not only did my landlady and guide jointly assure me that there wadna be a living soul in the counting-house of Messrs MacVittie, Macfin, and Company, to which Owen's letter referred me, but, moreover, "far less would I find any of the partners there. They were serious men, and wad be where

a' gude Christians ought to be at sic a time, and that was in the Barony Laigh Kirk."

Andrew Fairservice, whose disgust at the law of his country had fortunately not extended itself to the other learned professions of his native land, now sung forth the praises of the preacher who was to perform the duty, to which my hostess replied with many loud amens. The result was, that I determined to go to this popular place of worship, as much with the purpose of learning, if possible, whether Owen had arrived in Glasgow, as with any great expectation of edification. My hopes were exalted by the assurance that if Mr Ephraim MacVittie (worthy man) were in the land of life, he would surely honour the Barony Kirk that day with his presence; and if he chanced to have a stranger within his gates, doubtless he would bring him to the duty along with him. This probability determined my motions, and, under the escort of the faithful Andrew, I set forth for the Barony Kirk.

Upon this occasion, however, I had little occasion for his guidance; for the crowd which forced its way up a steep and rough paved street to hear the most popular preacher in the west of Scotland, would of itself have swept me along with it. Upon attaining the summit of the hill, we turned to the left, and a large pair of folding doors admitted me, amongst others, into the open and extensive burying place which surrounds the Minster or Cathedral Church of Glasgow. The pile is of a gloomy and massive, rather than of an elegant, style of Gothic architecture; but its peculiar character is so strongly preserved, and so well suited with the accompaniments that surround it, that the impression of the first view was awful and solemn in the extreme. I was indeed so much struck, that I resisted for a few minutes all Andrew's efforts to drag me into the interior of the building, so deeply was I engaged in surveying its outward character.

Situated in a populous and considerable town, this solemn and massive pile has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings of the city on one side; on the other, it is bounded by a ravine, through the depth of which, and invisible to the eye, murmurs a wandering rivulet, adding, by its rushing noise, to the imposing solemnity of the scene. On the opposite side of the ravine rises a steep bank, covered with fir-trees closely planted, whose dusky shade extends itself over the cemetery with an appropriate and gloomy effect. The churchyard itself had a peculiar character; for though in reality extensive, it is small in proportion to the number of respectable inhabitants who are interred within it, and whose graves are almost all covered with tombstones. There is therefore no room for the long rank grass, which, in the ordinary case, partially clothes the surface in these retreats, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The

broad flat monumental stones are placed so close to each other, that the precincts appear to be flagged with them, and, though roofed only by the heavens, resemble the floor of one of our old English churches, where the pavement is covered with sepulchral inscriptions. The contents of these sad records of mortality, the vain sorrows which they record, the stern lesson which they teach of the nothingness of humanity, the extent of ground which they so closely cover, and their uniform and melancholy tenor, reminded me of the roll of the prophet, which was "written within and without, and there were written therein lamentations and mourning and woe."

The Cathedral itself corresponds in impressive majesty with these accompaniments. We feel that its appearance is heavy, yet that the effect produced would be destroyed were it lighter or more ornamental. It is the only metropolitan church in Scotland, excepting, as I am informed, the cathedral of Kirkwall in the Orkneys,

which remained uninjured at the Reformation; and Andrew Fairservice, who saw with great pride the effect which it produced upon my mind, thus accounted for its preservation. "Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whig-maleeries and curliewurlies and open-steek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as long as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a doun-come lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd doun the kirks of St Andrews and Perth, and thereawa, to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image worship, and surplices, and sic like rags o' the muckle hoor that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane was na braid aneugh for her auld hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through

siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train bands wi' took o' drum—by good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year—(and a gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging,) and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as they had done elsewhere. It was na for luve o' Paperie—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow—Sae they sune cam to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks—And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar Burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the fleas are caimed aff her, and a'body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad had mair

Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennell at Osbaldistone-Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland."

Thus saying, Andrew led the way into the place of worship.

CHAPTER VII.

———It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to the trembling heart.

Mourning Bride.

Notwithstanding the impatience of my conductor, I could not forbear to pause and gaze for some minutes on the exterior of the building, rendered more impressively dignified by the solitude which ensued when its hitherto open gates were closed, after having, as it were, devoured the multitudes which had lately crowded the church-yard, but now enclosed within the building, were engaged, as the choral swell of voices from within announced to us, in the solemn exercises of devotion. The

sound of so many voices, united by the distance into one harmony, and freed from those harsh discordances which jar the ear when heard more near, uniting with the murmuring brook, and the wind which sung amongst the old firs, affected me with a sense of sublimity. All nature, as invoked by the Psalmist whose verses they chaunted, seemed united in offering that solemn praise in which trembling is mixed with joy as she addresses her Maker. I had heard the service of high mass in France, celebrated with all the eclât which the choicest music, the richest dresses, the most imposing ceremonies, could confer on it; yet it fell short in effect of the simplicity of the presbyterian worship. The devotion, in which every one took a share, seemed so superior in effect to that which was recited by musicians, as a lesson which they had learned by rote, that it gave the Scottish worship all the advantage of reality over acting.

As I lingered to catch more of the solemn sound, Andrew, whose impatience became ungovernable, pulled me by the sleeve—"Come awa', sir—Come awa', we mauna be late o' gaun in to disturb the worship; if we bide here, the searchers will be on us, and carry us to the guardhouse for being idlers in kirk-time."

Thus admonished, I followed my guide, but not, as I had supposed, into the body of the cathedral. "This gate—this gate, sir!" he exclaimed, dragging me off as I made towards the main entrance of the buildings,—"There's but cauldrife lawwark gaun on yonder—carnal morality, as dow'd and as fusionless as rue leaves at Yule—Here's the real savour of doctrine."

So saying, he entered a small low-arched door, secured by a wicket, which a grave-looking person seemed on the point of closing, and descended several steps as if into the funeral vaults beneath the church. It was even so; for in these subterranean pre-

cincts, why chosen for such a purpose I knew not, was established a very singular place of worship.

Conceive, Tresham, an extensive range of low-browed, dark, and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, "princes in Israel." Inscriptions, which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath. Surrounded by these receptacles of the last

remains of mortality, I found a numerous congregation engaged in the act of prayer. The Scotch perform this duty in a standing, instead of a kneeling posture, more, perhaps, to take as broad a distinction as possible from the ritual of Rome than for any better reason, since I have observed that in their family worship, as doubtless in their private devotions, they adopt in their immediate address to the Deity that posture which other Christians use as the humblest and most reverential. Standing, therefore, the men being uncovered, a crowd of several hundreds of both sexes, and all ages, listened with great reverence and attention to the extempore, at least the unwritten prayer of an aged clergyman,* who was

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* I have in vain laboured to discover this gentleman's name and the period of his incumbency. I do not, however, despair to see these points, with some others which may elude my sagacity, satisfactorily elucidated by one or other of the periodical publica-

very popular in the city. Educated in the same religious persuasion, I seriously bent my mind to join in the devotion of the day, and it was not till the congregation resumed their seats that my attention was diverted to the consideration of the appearance of all around me.

At the conclusion of the prayer, most of the men put on their hats or bonnets, and all who had the happiness to have seats sate down. Andrew and I were not of this number, having been too late in entering the church to secure such accommodation. We stood among a number of other persons in the same situation, forming a sort of ring around the seated part of of the congregation. Behind and around

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tions which have devoted their pages to explanatory commentaries on my former volumes; and whose research and ingenuity claim my peculiar gratitude, for having discovered many persons and circumstances connected with my narratives, of which I myself never so much as dreamed.

us were the vaults I have already described; before us the devout audience, dimly shewn by the light which streamed on their faces, through one or two low Gothic windows, such as give air and light to charnel houses. By this were seen the usual variety of countenances, which are generally turned towards a Scotch pastor on such occasions, almost all composed to attention, unless where a father or mother here and there recalls the wandering eyes of a lively child, or disturbs the slumbers of a dull one. The high-boned and harsh countenance of the nation, with the expression of intelligence and shrewdness which it frequently exhibits, is seen to more advantage in the act of devotion, or in the ranks of war, than upon lighter and more cheerful occasions of assemblage. The discourse of the preacher was well qualified to call forth the various feelings and faculties of his audience.

Age and infirmities had impaired the powers of a voice originally strong and so-

norous. He read his text with a pronounciation somewhat inarticulate; but when he closed the Bible, and commenced his sermon, his tones gradually strengthened, as he entered with vehemence into the arguments which he maintained. They related chiefly to the abstract points of the christian faith, subjects grave, deep, and fathomless by mere human reason, but for which, with equal ingenuity and propriety, he sought a key in liberal quotations from the inspired writings. My mind was unprepared to coincide in all his reasoning, nor was I sure that in some instances I rightly comprehended his positions. But nothing could be more impressive than the eager enthusiastic manner of the good old man, and nothing more ingenious than his mode of reasoning. The Scotch, it is well known, are more remarkable for the exercise of their intellectual powers, than for the keenness of their feelings; they are, therefore, more moved by logic than by rhetoric, and more attracted by acute and argumentative reasoning on doc-

trinal points, than influenced by the enthusiastic appeals to the heart and to the passions, by which popular preachers in other countries win the favour of their hearers.

Among the attentive groupe which I now saw, might be distinguished various expressions similar to those of the audience in the famous cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens. Here sat a zealous and intelligent Calvinist, with brows bent just as much as to indicate profound attention; lips slightly compressed; eyes fixed on the minister, with an expression of decent pride, as if sharing the triumph of his argument; the forefinger of the right hand touching successively those of the left, as the preacher, from argument to argument, ascended towards his conclusion. Another, with fiercer and sterner look, intimated at once his contempt of all who doubted the creed of his pastor, and his joy at the appropriate punishment denounced against them. A third, perhaps belonging to a different congregation, and present only by accident or

curiosity, had the appearance of internally impeaching some link of the reasoning; and you might plainly read, in the slight motion of his head, his doubts as to the soundness of the preacher's argument. The greater part listened with a calm satisfied countenance, expressive of a conscious merit in being present, and in listening to such an ingenious discourse, although, perhaps, unable entirely to comprehend it. The women in general belonged to this last division of the audience; the old, however, seeming more grimly intent upon the abstract doctrines laid before them; while the younger females permitted their eyes occasionally to make a modest circuit around the congregation; and some of them, Tresham, (if my vanity did not greatly deceive me,) contrived to distinguish your friend and servant, as a handsome young stranger, and an Englishman. As to the rest of the congregation, the stupid gaped, yawned, or slept, till awakened by the application of their more

zealous neighbours' heels to their shins; and the idle indicated their inattention by the wandering of their eyes, but dared give no more decided token of weariness. Amid the lowland costume of coat and cloak, I could here and there discern a Highland plaid, the wearer of which, resting on his basket-hilt, sent his eyes among the audience with the unrestrained curiosity of savage wonder; and who, in all probability, was inattentive to the sermon, for a very pardonable reason—because he did not understand the language in which it was delivered. The martial and wild look, however, of these stragglers, added a kind of character which the congregation could not have exhibited without them. They were more numerous, Andrew afterwards observed, owing to some cattle fair in the neighbourhood.

Such was the groupe of countenances, rising tire on tire, discovered to my critical inspection by such sunbeams as forced their way through the narrow Gothic

lattices of the Laigh Kirk of Glasgow; and having illuminated the attentive congregation, lost themselves in the vacuity of the vaults behind, giving to the nearer part of their labyrinth a sort of imperfect twilight, and leaving their recesses in an utter darkness, which gave them the appearance of being interminable.

I have already said, that I stood with others in the exterior circle, with my face to the preacher, and my back to those vaults which I have so often mentioned. My position rendered me particularly obnoxious to any interruption which arose from any slight noise occurring amongst these retiring arches, where the least sound was multiplied by a thousand echoes. The occasional sound of rain-drops, which, admitted through some cranny in the ruined roof, fell successively, and plashed upon the pavement beneath, caused me turn my head more than once to the place from whence it seemed to proceed; and when my eyes took that direction, I found it dif-

ficult to withdraw them; such is the pleasure our imagination receives from the attempt to penetrate as far as possible into an intricate labyrinth, imperfectly lighted, and exhibiting objects which irritate our curiosity, only because they acquire a mysterious interest from being undefined and dubious. My eyes became habituated to the gloomy atmosphere to which I directed them, and insensibly my mind became more interested in their discoveries than in the metaphysical subtleties which the preacher was enforcing.

My father had often checked me for this wandering mood of mind, arising perhaps from an excitability of imagination to which he was a stranger; and the finding myself at present solicited by these temptations to inattention, recalled the time when I used to walk, led by his hand, to Mr Shower's chapel, and the earnest injunctions which he then laid on me to redeem the time, because the days were evil. At present, the picture which my thoughts suggested, far

from fixing my attention, destroyed the portion I had yet left, by conjuring up to my recollection the peril in which his affairs now stood. I endeavoured, in the lowest whisper I could frame, to request Andrew to obtain information, whether any of the gentlemen of the firm of Macvittie, &c. were at present in the congregation. But Andrew, wrapped in profound attention to the sermon, only replied to my suggestion by hard punches with his elbow, as signals to me to remain silent. I next strained my eyes with equally bad success, to see, if among the sea of up-turned faces, which bent their eyes on the pulpit as a common centre, I could discover the sober and business-like physiognomy of Owen. But not among the broad beavers of the Glasgow citizens, or the yet broader brimmed lowland bonnets of the peasants of Lanarkshire, could I see any thing resembling the decent periwig, starched ruffles, or the uniform suit of light brown garments appertain-

ing to the head-clerk of the establishment of Osbaldistone and Tresham. My anxiety now returned on me with such violence, as to overpower not only the novelty of the scene around me, by which it had hitherto been diverted, but moreover my sense of decorum. I pulled Andrew hard by the sleeve, and intimated my wish to leave the church, and pursue my investigation as I could. Andrew, obdurate in the Laigh Kirk of Glasgow, as on the mountains of Cheviot, for some time deigned me no answer; and it was only when he found I could not otherwise be kept quiet that he condescended to inform me, that being once in the church, we could not leave it till service was over, because the doors were locked so soon as the prayers began. Having thus spoken in a brief and peevish whisper, Andrew again assumed the air of intelligent and critical importance, and attention to the preacher's discourse.

While I endeavoured to make a virtue

of necessity, and recal my attention to the sermon, I was again disturbed by a singular interruption. A voice from behind whispered distinctly in my ear, " You are in danger in this city."—I turned round as if mechanically.

One or two starched and ordinary-looking mechanics stood beside and behind me, stragglers, who, like ourselves, had been too late in obtaining entrance. But a glance at their faces satisfied me, though I could hardly say why, that none of these was the person who had spoken to me. Their countenances seemed all composed to attention to the sermon, and not one of them returned any glance of intelligence to the inquisitive and startled look with which I surveyed them. A massive round pillar, which was close behind us, might have concealed the speaker the instant he had uttered his mysterious caution; but wherefore it was given in such a place, or to what species of danger it directed my attention, or by whom the warn-

ing was uttered, were points on which my imagination lost itself in conjecture. It would, however, I concluded, be repeated, and I resolved to keep my countenance turned towards the clergyman, that the whisperer might be tempted to renew his communication under the idea that the first had passed unobserved.

My plan succeeded. I had not resumed the appearance of attention to the preacher for five minutes, when the same voice whispered, "Listen—but do not look back." I kept my face in the same direction. "You are in danger in this place," the voice proceeded; "so am I—Meet me to-night on the Brigg, at twelve preceesely—keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation."

Here the voice ceased, and I instantly turned my head. But the speaker had, with still greater promptitude, glided behind the pillar, and escaped my observation. I was determined to catch a sight of him, if possible, and, extricating myself from the outer circle of hearers, I also

stepped behind the column. All there was empty; and I could only see a figure wrapped in a mantle, whether a Lowland cloak, or Highland plaid, I could not distinguish, which traversed, like a phantom, the dreary vacuity of vaults which I have described.

I made a mechanical attempt to pursue the mysterious form, which glided away, and vanished in the vaulted cemetery, like the spectre of one of the numerous dead who rested within its precincts. I had little chance of arresting the course of one obviously determined not to be spoken with; but that little chance was lost by my stumbling and falling before I had made three steps from the column. The obscurity which occasioned my misfortune covered my disgrace; which I accounted rather lucky, for the preacher, with that stern authority which the Scottish ministers assume for the purpose of keeping order in their congregations, interrupted his discourse, to desire the "proper officer" to take into custody the causer of this disturbance in the place of worship. As the noise,

however, was not repeated, the beadle, or whatever else he was called, did not think it necessary to be rigorous in searching out the offender, so that I was enabled, without attracting farther observation, to place myself by Andrew's side in my original position. The service proceeded, and closed without the occurrence of any thing else worthy of notice.

As the congregation departed and dispersed, my friend Andrew exclaimed—"See, yonder is worthy Mr MacVittie and Mrs MacVittie, and Miss Alison MacVittie, and Mr Thamas MacFin, that they say is to marry Miss Alison, if a' bowls row right—she'll hae a hantle siller, if she's no that bonnie."

My eyes took the direction he pointed out. Mr MacVittie was a tall thin elderly man, with hard features, thick grey eyebrows, light eyes, and, as I imagined, a sinister expression of countenance, from which my heart recoiled. I remembered the warning I had received in the church, and hesitated at addressing this person,

though I could not allege to myself any rational ground of dislike or suspicion.

I was yet in suspense, when Andrew, who mistook my hesitation for bashfulness, proceeded to exhort me to lay it aside. "Speak till him—speak till him, Mr Francis—he's no provost yet, though they say he'll be my lord neist year. Speak till him, man—he'll gie ye a decent answer for as rich as he is, unless ye were wanting siller frae him—they say he's dour to draw his purse."

It immediately occurred to me, that if this merchant were really of the churlish and avaricious disposition which Andrew intimated, there might be some caution necessary in making myself known, as I could not tell how accounts might stand between my father and him. This consideration came in aid of the mysterious hint which I had received, and the dislike which I had conceived at the man's countenance. Instead of addressing myself directly to him, as I had designed to have done, I contented myself with desiring Andrew to enquire

at Mr MacVittie's house the address of Mr Owen, an English gentleman, and I charged him not to mention the person from whom he received the commission, but to bring me the result to the small inn where we lodged. This Andrew promised to do. He said something of the duty of my attending the evening service; but added, with a causticity natural to him, that "in troth, if folk could na keep their legs still, but wad needs be couping the creels ower through-stanes, as if they wad raise the very dead folk wi' the clatter, a kirk wi' a chimley in't was fittest for them."

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Rialto, every night at twelve,
I take my evening's walk of meditation:
There we two will meet——

Venice Preserved.

Full of sinister augury, for which, however, I could assign no satisfactory cause, I shut myself up in my apartment at the inn, and having dismissed Andrew, after resisting his importunity to accompany him to St Enoch's Kirk, where, he said, "a soul-searching divine was to haud forth," I set myself seriously to consider what were best to be done. I never was, what is properly called, superstitious; but I suppose all men, in situations of peculiar doubt and difficulty, when they have exercised their reason to little purpose, are apt, in a sort of des-

pair, to abandon the reins to their imagination, and be guided either altogether by chance, or by those whimsical impressions which take possession of the mind, and to which we give way as if to involuntary impulses. There was something so singularly repulsive in the hard features of the Scotch trader, that I could not resolve to put myself into his hands without transgressing every caution which could be derived from the rules of physiognomy. On the other hand, the warning voice behind me, the form which flitted away like a vanishing shadow through those vaults, which might be termed "the valley of the shadow of death," had something captivating for the imagination of a young man, who, you will farther please to remember, was a young poet.

If danger was around me, as the mysterious communication intimated, how could I learn its nature, or the means of averting it, but by meeting my unknown counsellor, to whom I could see no reason for imputing any other than kind intentions. Rashleigh and his machinations occurred more

than once to my remembrance; but so rapid had my journey been, that I could not suppose him apprised of my arrival in Glasgow, much less prepared to play off any stratagem against my person. In my temper also I was bold and confident, strong and active in person, and in some measure accustomed to the use of arms, in which the French youth of all kinds were then initiated. I did not fear any single opponent; assassination was neither the vice of the age nor of the country; the place selected for our meeting was too public to admit any suspicion of meditated violence. In a word, I resolved to meet my mysterious counsellor on the bridge, as he had requested, and to be afterwards guided by circumstances. Let me not conceal from you, Tresham, what at the time I endeavoured to conceal from myseif—the subdued, yet secretly-cherished hope, that Diana Vernon might,—by what chance I knew not,—through what means I could not guess,—have some connection with this

strange and dubious intimation, conveyed at a time and place, and in a manner so surprising. She alone, whispered this insidious hope—she alone knew of my journey—from her own account, she possessed friends and influence in Scotland;—she had furnished me with a talisman, whose power I was to invoke when all other aid failed me—who, then, but Diana Vernon possessed either means, knowledge, or inclination for averting the dangers, by which, as it seemed, my steps were surrounded. This flattering view of my very doubtful case pressed itself upon me again and again. It insinuated itself into my thoughts, though very bashfully, before the hour of dinner; it displayed its attractions more boldly during the course of my frugal meal, and became so courageously intrusive during the succeeding half hour, (aided perhaps by the flavour of a few glasses of most excellent claret) that, with a sort of desperate attempt to escape from a delusive seduction, to which I felt the danger of yielding, I pushed my glass from me, threw aside my

dinner, seized my hat, and rushed into the open air with the feeling of one who would fly from his own thoughts. Yet perhaps I yielded to the very feelings from which I seemed to fly, since my steps insensibly led me to the bridge over the Clyde, the place assigned for the rendezvous by my mysterious monitor.

Although I had not partaken of my repast until the hours of evening church service were over,—in which, by the way, I complied with the religious scruples of my landlady, who hesitated to dress a hot dinner between sermons, and also with the admonition of my unknown friend, to keep my apartment till twilight,—several hours had still to pass away betwixt the time of my appointment and that at which I reached the assigned place of meeting. The interval, as you will readily credit, was wearisome enough; and I can hardly explain to you how it passed away. Various groups of persons, all of whom, young and old, seemed impressed with a reverential feeling of the sanctity of the day, passed along

the large open meadow which lies on the eastern bank of the Clyde, and serves as a bleaching-field and pleasure walk for the inhabitants, or passed with slow steps the long bridge which communicates with the western district of the county. All that I remember of them was the general, yet not unpleasing intimation of a devotional character impressed on each little party, formally assumed perhaps by some, but sincerely characterizing the greater number, which hushed the petulant gaiety of the young into a tone of more quiet, yet more interesting, interchange of sentiments, and suppressed the vehement argument and protracted disputes of those of more advanced age. Notwithstanding the numbers who passed me, no general sound of the human voice was heard; few turned again to take a few minutes voluntary exercise, to which the leisure of the evening, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, seemed to invite them: All hurried to their homes and resting-places. To one accustomed to the mode of spending Sunday evenings abroad,

even among the French Calvinists, there seemed something Judaical, yet at the same time striking and affecting, in this mode of keeping the Sabbath holy. Insensibly I felt, my mode of sauntering by the side of the river, and crossing successively the various persons who were passing homeward, and without tarrying or delay, must expose me to observation at least, if not to censure, and I slunk out of the frequented path, and found a trivial occupation for my mind in marshalling my revolving walk in such a manner as should least render me obnoxious to observation. The different alleys lined out through this extensive meadow, and which are planted with trees, like the Park of St James's, in London, gave me facilities for carrying into effect these childish manœuvres.

As I walked down one of these avenues, I heard, to my surprise, the sharp and conceited voice of Andrew Fairservice, raised by a sense of self-consequence to a pitch somewhat higher than others seemed to

think consistent with the solemnity of the day. To slip behind the row of trees under which I walked was perhaps no very dignified proceeding, but it was the easiest mode of escaping his observation, and perhaps his impertinent assiduity, and still more intrusive curiosity. As he passed, I heard him communicate to a grave-looking man, in a black coat, a slouched hat, and Geneva cloak, the following sketch of a character, which my self-love, while revolting against it as a caricature, could not help recognizing as a likeness.

"Ay, ay, Mr Hammorgaw, it's e'en as I tell ye—He's no a'together sae void o' sense neither; he has a gloaming sight o' what's reasonable—that is anes and awa'—a glisk and nae mair—but he's crack-brained and cockle-headed about his nipperty-tipperty poetry nonsense—He'll glowr at an auld warld barkit aik-snag as if it were a queez-maddam in full bearing; and a naked craig wi' a burn jawing ower't is unto him as a garden garnisht with flowering knots

and choice pot-herbs; then, he wad rather claver wi' a daft quean they ca' Diana Vernon (weel I wot they might ca' her Diana of the Ephesians, for she's little better than a heathen—better? she's waur—a Roman —a mere Roman)—He'll claver wi' her, or ony ither idle slut, rather than hear what might do him gude a' the days o' his life, frae you or me, Mr Hammorgaw, or ony ither sober and sponsible person. Reason, sir, is what he canna endure—he's a' for your vanities and volubilities; and he ance tell'd me, (puir blinded creature) that the Psalms of David were excellent poetry! as if the holy Psalmist thought o' rattling rhymes in a bladder, like his ain silly clinkum-clankum things that he ca's verse. Gude help him! twa lines o' Davie Lindsay wad ding a' he ever clerkit."

While listening to this perverted account of my temper and studies, you will not be surprised if I meditated for Mr Fairservice the unpleasant surprise of a broken pate on the first decent opportunity. His friend only in-

timated his attention by "Ay, ay," and "Is't e'en sae?" and such like expressions of interest at the proper breaks in Mr Fairservice's harangue, until at length, in answer to some observation of greater length, the import of which I only collected from my trusty guide's reply, honest Andrew answered, "Tell him a bit o' my mind, quoth ye?—Wha wad be fule then but Andrew?—He's a red-wud devil, man!—He's like Giles Heathertap's auld boar; ye need but shake a clout at him to make him turn and gore. Bide wi' him, say ye?—Troth, I kenna what for I bide wi' him mysell—But the lad's no a bad lad after a'; and he needs some carefu' body to look after him. He hasna the right grip o' his hand—the gowd slips through't like water, man; and it's no that ill a thing to be near him when his purse is in his hand, and it's seldom out o't. And then he's come o' gude kith and kin—My heart warms to the puir thoughtless callant, Mr Hammorgaw—and then the penny fee"——

In the latter part of this instructive communication, Mr Fairservice lowered his voice to a tone better beseeming the conversation in a place of public resort on a Sabbath evening, and his companion and he were soon beyond my hearing. My feelings of hasty resentment soon subsided under the conviction, that, as Andrew himself might have said, "A hearkener always hears a bad tale of himself," and that whoever should happen to overhear their character discussed in their own servants'-hall, must prepare to undergo the scalpel of such an anatomist as Mr Fairservice. The incident was so far useful, as, including the feelings to which it gave rise, it sped away a part of the time which hung so heavily on my hand.

Evening had now closed, and the growing darkness gave to the broad, still, and deep expanse of the brimful river, first a hue sombre and uniform, then a dismal and turbid appearance, partially lighted by a waning and pallid moon. The massive and ancient bridge which stretches across

the river, was now but dimly visible, and resembled that which Mirza, in his unequalled vision, has described as traversing the valley of Bagdad. The low-browed arches, seen as imperfectly as the dusky current which they bestrode, seemed rather caverns which swallowed up the gloomy waters of the river, than apertures contrived for their passage. With the advancing night the stillness of the scene increased. There was yet a twinkling light occasionally seen to glide along by the river, which conducted home one or two of the small parties, who, after the abstinence and religious duties of the day, had partaken of a social supper, the only meal at which the rigid presbyterians made some advance to sociality on the Sabbath. Occasionally, also, the hoofs of a horse were heard, whose rider, after spending the Sunday in Glasgow, was directing his steps towards his residence in the country. These sounds and sights became gradually of more rare occurrence. At length they altogether ceased, and I was left to enjoy my solitary walk on the

shores of the Clyde in solemn silence, broken only by the tolling of the successive hours from the steeples of the churches.

But as the night advanced, my impatience at the uncertainty of the situation in which I was placed increased every moment, and became nearly ungovernable. I began to question whether I had been imposed upon by the trick of a fool, the raving of a madman, or the studied machination of a villain, and paced the little sort of quay or pier adjoining to the entrance to the bridge in a state of incredible anxiety and vexation. At length the hour of twelve o'clock swung its summons over the city from the belfrey of the metropolitan church of St Mungo, and was answered and vouched by all the others like dutiful diocesans. The echoes had scarcely ceased to repeat the last sound, when a human form—the first I had seen for two hours—appeared passing along the bridge from the western shore of the river. I advanced to meet him with a feeling as if my

fate depended on the result of the interview, so much had my anxiety been wound up by protracted expectation. All that I could remark of the passenger as we advanced towards each other was, that his frame was rather beneath than above the middle size, but apparently strong, thick-set, and muscular; his dress a horseman's wrapping-coat. I slackened my pace, and almost paused as I advanced, in expectation that he would address me. But to my inexpressible disappointment, he passed without speaking, and I had no pretence for being the first to address one, who, notwithstanding his appearance at the very hour of appointment, might, nevertheless, be an absolute stranger. I stopped after he had passed me, and looked after him, uncertain whether I ought not to follow him. The stranger walked on till near the eastern end of the bridge, then paused, looked back, and turning round, again advanced towards me. I resolved that this time he should not have the apology for silence proper to apparitions, who,

it is vulgarly supposed, cannot speak until they are spoken to. "You walk late, sir," said I, as we met a second time.

"I bide tryste," was the reply, "and so I think do you, Mr Osbaldistone."

"You are then the person who requested me to meet you here at this unusual hour?"

"I am," he replied. "Follow me, and you shall know my reason."

"Before following you, I must know your name and purpose," I answered.

"I am a man," was the reply; "and my purpose is friendly to you."

"A man?" I repeated. "That is a very brief description."

"It will serve for one who has no other to give," said the stranger. "He that is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has a' these is no more."

"Yet this is still too general an account of yourself, to say the least of it, to establish your credit with a stranger."

"It is all I mean to give, howsoe'er; you may chuse to follow me, or to remain without the information I desire to afford you."

"Can you not give me that information here?" I answered.

"You must receive it from your eyes, not from my tongue—you must follow me, or remain in ignorance of the information which I have to give you."

There was something short, determined, and even stern in the man's manner, not certainly well calculated to conciliate undoubting confidence.

"What is it you fear?" he said impatiently. "To whom, think ye, your life is of such consequence, that they should seek to bereave ye of it?"

"I fear nothing," I replied firmly, though somewhat hastily. "Walk on—I attend you."

We proceeded, contrary to my expectation, to re-enter the town, and glided like mute spectres, side by side, up its empty and silent streets. The high and gloomy

stone-fronts, with the variegated ornaments and pediments of the windows, looked yet taller and more sable by the imperfect moon-shine. Our walk was for some minutes in perfect silence. At length my conductor spoke.

"Are you afraid?"

"I retort your own words," I replied; "wherefore should I fear?"

"Because you are with a stranger—perhaps an enemy, in a place where you have no friends and many enemies."

"I neither fear you nor them; I am young, active, and armed."

"I am not armed," replied my conductor; "but no matter, a willing hand never lacked weapon. You say you fear nothing; but if you knew who was by your side, perhaps you might underlie a tremor."

"And why should I?" replied I. "I again repeat, I fear nought that you can do."

"Nought that I can do?—Be it so. But do you not fear the consequences of being

found with one whose very name whispered in this lonely street would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him—on whose head half the men in Glasgow would build their fortune as on a found treasure, had they the luck to grip him by the collar—the sound of whose apprehension were as welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh as ever the news of a field stricken and won in Flanders."

"And who then are you, whose name should create so deep a feeling of terror?" I replied.

"No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place, where, were I myself recognised and identified, irons to the heels, and hemp to the craig, would be my brief dooming."

I paused and stood still on the pavement, drawing back so as to have the most perfect view of my companion which the light afforded, and which was sufficient to guard me against any sudden motion of assault.

"You have said," I answered, "either

too much or too little—too much to induce me to confide in you as a mere stranger, since you avow yourself a person amenable to the laws of the country in which we are—and too little, unless you could shew that you are unjustly subjected to their rigour."

As I ceased to speak, he made a step towards me. I drew back instinctively, and laid my hand on the hilt of my sword.

"What," said he, "on an unarmed man, and your friend?"

"I am yet ignorant if you are either the one or the other," replied I; "and, to say the truth, your language and manner might well entitle me to doubt both."

"It is manfully spoken," replied my conductor; "and I respect him whose hand can keep his head.—I will be frank and free with you—I am conveying you to prison."

"To prison!" I exclaimed; "by what warrant, or for what offence?—You shall have my life sooner than my liberty—I defy

you, and I will not follow you a step farther."

"I do not," he said, "carry you there as a prisoner. I am," he added, drawing himself haughtily up, "neither a messenger nor sheriff's officer; I carry you to see a prisoner from whose lips you will learn the risk in which you presently stand. *Your* liberty is little risked by the visit; mine is in some peril; but that I readily encounter on your account, for I care not for risk, and I love a free young blood, that kens no protector but the cross o' the sword."

While he spoke thus we had reached the principal street, and were pausing before a large building of hewn stone, garnished, as I thought I could perceive, with gratings of iron before the windows.

"Muckle," said the stranger, whose language became more broadly national as he assumed a tone of colloquial freedom—"Muckle wad the provost and baillies o' Glasgow gie to hae him sitting with iron garters to his hose within their tolbooth,

that now stands wi' his legs as free as the red deer's on the outside on't. And little wad it avail them; for an' if they had me there wi' a stane's weight o' iron at every ancle, I would shew them a toom room and a lost lodger before to-morrow—But come on, what stint ye for?"

As he spoke thus, he tapped a low wicket, and was answered by a sharp voice, as of one awakened from a dream or reverie, —"Fa's tat?—Wha's that, I wad say?—and fat a de'il want ye at this hour at een? —clean again rules—clean again rules, as they ca' them."

The protracted tone in which the last words were uttered, betokened that the speaker was again composing himself to slumber. But my guide spoke in a loud whisper, "Dougal, man! hae ye forgotten Ha nun Gregarach?"

"Deil a bit, deil a bit," was the ready and lively response, and I heard the internal guardian of the prison-gate bustle up with great alacrity. A few words were ex-

changed between my conductor and the turnkey, in a language to which I was an absolute stranger. The bolts revolved, but with a caution which marked the apprehension that the noise might be overheard, and we stood within the vestibule of the prison of Glasgow, a small, but strong guard-room, from which a narrow stair-case led upwards, and one or two low entrances conducted to apartments on the same level with the outward gate, all secured with the jealous strength of wickets, bolts, and bars. The walls, otherwise naked, were not unsuitably garnished with iron fetters, and other uncouth implements, which might be designed for purposes still more inhuman, interspersed with partizans, guns, pistols of antique manufacture, and other weapons of defence and offence.

At finding myself so unexpectedly fortuitously, and, as it were, by stealth, introduced within one of the legal fortresses of Scotland, I could not help recollecting my adventure in Northumberland, and fretting at

the strange incidents which again, without any demerits of my own, threatened to place me in a dangerous and disagreeable collision with the laws of the country, which I visited only in the capacity of a stranger.

CHAPTER IX.

> "Look round thee, young Astolpho: Here's the place
> Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve in,—
> Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.
> Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,
> Doth Hope's fair torch expire; and at the snuff,
> Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and wayward,
> The desperate revelries of wild despair,
> Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds
> That the poor captive would have died ere practised,
> Till bondage sunk his soul to his condition."
>
> *The Prison, Scene III. Act I.*

At my first entrance I turned an eager glance towards my conductor; but the lamp in the vestibule was too low in flame to give my curiosity any satisfaction by affording a distinct perusal of his features. As the turnkey held the light in his hands, the beams fell more full on his own less interesting figure. He was a wild shock-headed looking animal, whose profusion of red hair

covered and obscured his features, which were otherwise only characterized by the extravagant joy that affected him at the sight of my guide. In my experience I have met nothing so absolutely resembling my idea of a very uncouth, wild, and ugly savage adoring the idol of his tribe. He grinned, he shivered, he laughed, he was near crying, if he did not actually cry. He had a "Where shall I go?—What can I do for you?" expression of face; the complete, surrendered, and anxious subservience and devotion of which it is difficult to describe, otherwise than by the awkward combination which I have attempted. The fellow's voice seemed choking in his ecstacy, and only could express itself in such interjections as "Oigh, oigh,—Aye, aye—it's lang since she's seen ye!" and other exclamations equally brief, expressed in the same unknown tongue in which he had communicated with my conductor while we were on the outside of the jail door. My guide received all this excess of joyful

gratulation much like a prince too early accustomed to the homage of those around him to be much moved by it, yet willing to requite it by the usual form of royal courtesy. He extended his hand graciously towards the turnkey, with a civil enquiry of "How's a' wi' you, Dougal?"

"Oigh, oigh!" exclaimed Dougal, softening the sharp exclamations of his surprise as he looked around with an eye of watchful alarm—"oigh, to see you here—to see you here—Oigh, what will come o' ye gin the baillies sud come to get witting—ta filthy, gutty hallions, tat they are."

My guide placed his finger on his lip, and said, "Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt on me."

"Tat sall they no," said Dougal; "she suld—she wad—that is, she wishes them hacked aff by the elbows first—But when are ye gaun yonder again? and ye'll no forget to let her ken—she's your puir cousin, God kens, only seven times removed."

"I will let you ken, Dougal, so soon as my plans are settled."

"And, by her sooth, when you do, an it were twal o' the Saturday at e'en, she'll fling her keys at the provost's head or she gie them anither turn, and that or ever Sabbath morning begins—see if she winna."

My mysterious stranger cut his acquaintance's ecstasies short by again addressing him, in what I afterwards understood to be the Irish, Earse, or Gaelic, explaining, probably, the services which he required at his hand. The answer, "Wi' a' her heart—wi' a' her soul," with a good deal of indistinct muttering in a similar tone, intimated the turnkey's acquiescence in what he proposed. The fellow trimmed his dying lamp, and made a sign to me to follow him.

"Do you not go with us?" said I, looking to my conductor.

"It is unnecessary," he replied; "my company may be inconvenient for you, and I had better remain to secure our retreat."

"I do not suppose you mean to betray me to danger," said I.

"To nane but what I partake in doubly," answered the stranger, with a voice of assurance which it was impossible to mistrust.

I followed the turnkey, who, leaving the inner wicket unlocked behind him, led me up a *turnpike*, (so the Scotch call a winding stair,) then along a narrow gallery,—then opening one of several doors which led into the passage, he ushered me into a small apartment, and casting his eye on the pallet-bed which occupied one corner, said, with an under voice, as he placed the lamp on a little deal table, "She's sleeping."

"She!—who?—can it be Diana Vernon in this abode of misery?"

I turned my eye to the bed, and it was with a mixture of disappointment oddly mingled with pleasure, that I saw my first suspicion had disappointed me. I saw a head neither young nor beautiful, garnished

with a grey beard of two days' growth, and accommodated with a red night-cap. The first glance put me at ease on the score of Diana Vernon; the second, as the slumberer awoke from a heavy sleep, yawned, and rubbed his eyes, presented me with features very different indeed—even those of my poor friend Owen. I drew back out of view an instant, that he might have time to recover himself; fortunately recollecting that I was but an intruder on these cells of sorrow, and that any alarm might be attended with unhappy consequences.

Meantime, the unfortunate formalist, raising himself from the pallet-bed with the assistance of one hand, and scratching his cap with the other, exclaimed, in a voice in which as much peevishness as he was capable of feeling, contended with drowsiness, "I'll tell you what, Mr Dugwell, or whatever your name may be, the sum total of the matter is, that if my natural rest is to be broken in this manner, I must complain to the lord mayor."

"Shentleman's to speak wi' her," replied Dougal, resuming the true dogged sullen tone of a turnkey, in exchange for the shrill clang of Highland congratulation with which he had welcomed my mysterious guide; and turning on his heel, he left the apartment.

It was some time before I could prevail upon the unfortunate sleeper awakening to recognize me; and when he did so, the distress of the worthy creature was extreme, at supposing, which he naturally did, that I had been sent thither as a partner of his captivity.

"O, Mr Frank, what have you brought yourself and the house to?—I think nothing of myself, that am a mere cypher, so to speak; but you that was your father's sum total—his omnium—that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail, where one cannot even get the dirt brushed off their clothes."

He rubbed, with an air of peevish irritation, the once stainless brown coat which had now shared some of the impurities of the floor of his prison-house,—his habits of extreme punctilious neatness acting mechanically to increase his distress.

"O Heaven be gracious to us!" he continued. "What news this will be in the 'Change! There has not the like come there since the battle of Almanza, where the total of the British loss was summed up to five thousand men killed and wounded, besides a floating balance of missing—but what will that be to the news that Osbaldistone and Tresham have stopped?"

I broke in on his lamentations to acquaint him, that I was no prisoner, though scarce able to account for my being in that place at such an hour. I could only silence his enquiries by persisting in those which his own situation suggested; and at length obtained from him such information as he was able to give me. It was none of the most distinct; for, however clear-headed in his

own routine of commercial business, Owen, you are well aware, was not very acute in comprehending what lay beyond that sphere.

The sum of his information was, that of two correspondents of my father's firm at Glasgow, where, owing to engagements in Scotland, formerly alluded to, he transacted a great deal of business, both my father and Owen had found the house of MacVittie, MacFin, and Company, the most obliging and accommodating. They had deferred to the great English house on every possible occasion; and in their bargains and transactions acted, without repining, the part of the jackall, who only claims what the lion is pleased to leave him. However small the share of profit allotted to them, it was always, as they expressed, "enough for the like of them;" however large the portion of trouble, "they were sensible they could not do too much to deserve the continued patronage and good opinion of their honoured friends in Crane Alley."

The dictates of my father were to MacVittie and MacFin the laws of the Medes and Persians, not to be altered, innovated, or even discussed; and the punctilios exacted by Owen in their business transactions, for he was a great lover of form, more especially when he could dictate it *ex cathedra*, seemed scarce less sanctimonious in their eyes. This tone of deep and respectful observance went all currently down with Owen; but my father looked a little closer into men's bosoms, and whether suspicious of this excess of deference, or, as a lover of brevity and simplicity in business, tired with these gentlemen's long-winded professions of regard, he had uniformly resisted their desire to become his sole agents in Scotland. On the contrary, he transacted many affairs through a correspondent of a character perfectly different,—a man whose good opinion of himself amounted to self-conceit, and who, disliking the English in general as much as my father did the Scotch, would hold no communica-

tion but on a footing of absolute equality; jealous, moreover; captious occasionally; as tenacious of his own opinions in point of form as Owen could be of his; and totally indifferent, though the authority of all Lombard-Street stood against his own private opinion.

As these peculiarities of temper rendered it difficult to do business with Mr Nicol Jarvie,—as they occasioned at times disputes and coldness between the English house and their correspondent, which were only got over by a sense of mutual interest, as, moreover, Owen's personal vanity sometimes suffered a little in the discussions to which they gave rise, you cannot be surprised, Tresham, that our old friend threw at all times the weight of his influence in favour of the civil, discreet, accommodating concern of MacVittie and MacFin, and spoke of Jarvie as a petulant, conceited Scotch pedlar, with whom there was no doing business.

It was also not surprising, that in these

circumstances, which I only learned in detail some time afterwards, Owen, in the difficulties to which the house were reduced by the absence of my father, and the disappearance of Rashleigh, should, on his arrival in Scotland, which took place two days before mine, have recourse to the friendship of those correspondents, who had always professed themselves obliged, gratified, and devoted to the service of his principal. He was received at Messrs MacVittie and MacFin's counting-house, in the Gallowgate, with something like the devotion a Catholic would pay to his tutelar saint! But alas! this sunshine was soon overclouded, when, encouraged by the fair hopes which it inspired, he opened the difficulties of the house to his friendly correspondents, and requested their counsel and assistance. MacVittie was almost stunned by the communication; and MacFin, ere it was completed, was already at the ledger of their firm, and in the very bowels of the multitudinous accounts be-

tween their house and that of Osbaldistone and Tresham, for the purpose of discovering on which side the balance lay. Alas! the scale depressed considerably against the English firm; and the faces of MacVittie and MacFin, hitherto only blank and doubtful, became now ominous, grim, and lowering. They met Mr Owen's request of countenance and assistance with a counter-demand of instant security against imminent hazard of eventual loss; and at length, speaking more plainly, required that a deposit of assetts, destined for other purposes, should be placed in their hands for that purpose. Owen repelled this demand with great indignation, as dishonourable to his constituents, unjust to the other creditors of Osbaldistone and Tresham, and very ungrateful on the part of those by whom it was made.

The Scotch partners gained, in the course of this controversy, what is very convenient to persons who are in the wrong, an opportunity and pretext for putting themselves

into a violent passion, and for taking, under the pretext of the provocation they had received, measures to which some sense of decency, if not of conscience, might otherwise have deterred them from resorting.

Owen had a small share, as I believe is usual, in the house to which he acted as head clerk, and was therefore personally liable for all its obligations. This was known to Messrs MacVittie and MacFin, and, with a view of making him feel their power, or rather in order to force him, at this emergency, into those measures in their favour, to which he had expressed himself so repugnant, they had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law of Scotland (therein surely liable to much abuse) allows to a creditor who finds his conscience at liberty to make oath that the debtor meditates departing from the realm. Under such a warrant had poor Owen been confined to durance upon the day preceding that when I was so strangely guided to his prison-house.

Thus possessed of the alarming outline of facts, the question remained, what was to be done? and it was not of easy determination. I plainly perceived the perils with which we were surrounded, but it was more difficult to suggest any remedy. The warning which I had already received seemed to intimate, that my own personal liberty might be endangered by an open appearance in Owen's behalf. Owen entertained the same apprehension, and in the exaggeration of his terror, assured me that a Scotchman, rather than run the risk of losing a farthing by an Englishman, would find law for arresting his wife, children, man-servant, maid-servant, and stranger within his household. The laws concerning debt, in most countries, are so unmercifully severe, that I could not altogether misbelieve his statement; and my arrest, in the present circumstances, would have been a *coup-de-grace* to my father's affairs. In this dilemma, I asked Owen if he had not thought of

having recourse to my father's other correspondent in Glasgow, Mr Nicol Jarvie?

"He had sent him a letter," he replied, "that morning; but if the smooth-tongued and civil house in the Gallowgate had used him thus, what was to be expected from the cross-grained crab-stock in the Salt-Market? You might as well ask a broker to give up his per centage, as expect a favour from him without the *per contra*. He had not even," Owen said, "answered his letter, though it was put into his hand that morning as he went to church." And here the despairing man-of-figures threw himself down on his pallet, exclaiming,—"My poor dear master!—My poor dear master! O, Mr Frank, Mr Frank, this is all your obstinacy!—But God forgive me for saying so to you in your distress! It's God's disposing, and man must submit."

My philosophy, Tresham, could not prevent my sharing in the honest creature's distress, and we mingled our tears, the more bitter on my part, as the perverse opposi-

tion to my father's will, with which the kind-hearted Owen forbore to upbraid me, rose up to my conscience as the cause of all this affliction.

In the midst of our mingled sorrow, we were disturbed and surprised by a loud knocking at the outward door of the prison. I ran to the top of the stair-case to listen, but could only hear the voice of the turnkey, alternately in a high tone, answering to some person without, and in a whisper, addressed to the person who had guided me hither: "She's coming—she's coming," aloud; then in a low key, "O hon-a-ri! O hon-a-ri! what'll she do now?—Gang up ta stair, and hide yoursell ahint ta Sassenach shentleman's ped.—She's coming as fast as she can—Ahellanay! its my lord provosts, and ta paillies, and ta guard—and the captain's coming toon stairs too—Got pless her! gang up or he meets her.—She's coming—she's coming—ta lock's sair roosted."

While Dougal unwillingly, and with as

much delay as possible, undid the various fastenings to give admittance to those without, whose impatience became clamorous, my guide ascended the winding stair, and sprang into Owen's apartment into which I followed him. He cast his eyes hastily round as if for a place of concealment, then said to me, " Lend me your pistols—yet it's no matter, I can do without them—Whatever you see take no heed, and dinna mix your hand in another man's feud—This gear's mine, and I maun manage it as I dow; but I have been as hard bested, and worse than I am even now."

As the stranger spoke these words, he stripped from his person the cumbrous upper coat in which he was wrapt, confronted the door of the apartment, on which he fixed a keen and determined glance, drawing his person a little back to concentrate his force, like a fine horse brought up to the leaping-bar. I had not a moment's doubt that he meant to extricate himself from his embarrassment, whatever might be the

cause of it, by springing full upon those who should appear when the doors opened, and forcing his way through all opposition into the street; and such was the appearance of strength and agility displayed in his frame, and of determination in his look and manner, that I did not doubt a moment but that he would get clear through his opponents, unless they employed fatal means to stop his purpose.

It was a moment of awful suspense betwixt the opening of the outward gate and that of the door of the apartment, when there appeared—no guard with bayonets fixed, or watch with clubs, bills, or partizans, but a good-looking young woman, with grogram petticoats, tucked up for trudging through the streets, and a lantern in her hand. This female ushered in a more important personage, in form stout, short, and somewhat corpulent; and by dignity, as it soon appeared, a magistrate, bob-wigged, bustling, and breathless with peevish impatience. My conductor, at his appearance,

drew back as if to escape observation; but he could not elude the penetrating twinkle with which this dignitary reconnoitred the whole apartment.

" A bonnie thing it is, and a beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, Captain Stanchells," said he, addressing the principal jailor, who now showed himself at the door as if in attendance on the great man, " knocking as hard to get into the tolbooth as ony body else wad to get out of it, could that avail them, poor fallen creatures!—And how's this?—how's this?—strangers in the jail after lock-up hours!—I shall look after this, Stanchells, ye may depend on't—Keep the door lock-it, and I'll speak to these gentlemen in a gliffing—But first I maun hae a crack wi' an auld acquaintance here.—Mr Owen, Mr Owen, how's a' wi' ye, man?"

" Pretty well in body, I thank you, Mr Jarvie," drawled out poor Owen, " but sore afflicted in spirit."

" Nae doubt, nae doubt—ay, ay—it's an

awfu' whummle—and for ane that held his head sae high too—human nature, human nature—Ay, ay, we're a' subject to a downcome. Mr Osbaldistone is a good honest gentleman; but I aye said he was ane o' them wad make a spune or spoil a horn, as my father, the worthy deacon, used to say. The deacon used to say to me, 'Nick—young Nick,' (his name was Nicol as weel as mine; sae folk ca'd us in their daffin' young Nick and auld Nick)—'Nick,' said he, 'never put out your arm farther than you can draw it easily back again.' I' hae said sae to Mr Osbaldistone, and he didna seem to take it a'together sae kind as I meant—but it was weel meant—weel meant."

This discourse, delivered with prodigious volubility, and a great appearance of self-complacency, as he recollected his own advice and predictions, gave little promise of assistance at the hands of Mr Jarvie. Yet it soon appeared rather to proceed from a total want of delicacy than any deficiency of real kindness; for when Owen expressed

himself somewhat hurt that these things should be recalled to memory in his present situation, the Glaswegian took him by the hand, and bade him "Cheer up a gliff! D'ye think I wad hae comed out at twal o'clock at night, and amaist broken the Lord's-day, just to tell a fa'en man o' his backslidings? Na, na, that's no Baillie Jarvie's gait, nor was't his worthy father's, the deacon, afore him. Why, man! it's my rule never to think on warldly business on the Sabbath, and though I did a' I could to keep your note that I gat this morning out o' my head, yet I thought mair on it a' day than on the preaching—And it's my rule to gang to my bed wi' the yellow curtains preceesely at ten o'clock—unless I were eating a haddock wi' a neighbour, or a neighbour wi' me—ask the lass-quean there, if it isna a fundamental rule in my household; and here hae I sitten up reading gude books, and gaping as if I wad swallow St Enox Kirk, till it chappit twal, whilk was a lawfu' hour to gie a look at my ledger

just to see how things stood between us; and then, as time and tide wait for nae man, I made the lass get the lanthorn, and came slipping my ways here to see what can be dune anent your affairs. Baillie Jarvie can command entrance into the tolbooth at ony hour, day or night; sae could my father, the deacon, in his time, honest man, praise to his memory."

Although Owen groaned at the mention of the ledger, leading me grievously to fear that here also the balance stood in the wrong column; and although the worthy magistrate's speech expressed much self-complacency, and some ominous triumph in his own superior judgment, yet it was blended with a sort of frank and blunt good-nature, from which I could not help deriving some hopes. He requested to see some papers he mentioned, snatched them hastily from Owen's hand, and sitting on the bed, to "rest his shanks," as he was pleased to express the accommodation which that posture afforded him, his servant girl

held up the lanthorn to him, while pshawing, muttering, and sputtering, now at the imperfect light, now at the contents of the packet, he ran over the writings it contained.

Seeing him fairly engaged in this course of study, the guide who had brought me hither seemed disposed to take an unceremonious leave. He made a sign to me to say nothing, and intimated, by his change of posture, an intention to glide towards the door in such a manner as to attract the least possible observation. But the alert magistrate (very different from my old acquaintance Mr Justice Inglewood,) instantly detected and interrupted his purposes. "I say, look to the door, Stanchells—shut and lock it, and keep watch on the outside."

The stranger's brow darkened, and he seemed for an instant again to meditate the effecting his retreat by violence; but ere he had determined, the door closed and the ponderous bolt revolved. He muttered an exclamation in Gaelic, strode across the

floor, and then, with an air of dogged resolution, as if prepared to see the scene to an end, sate himself down on the oak table and whistled a strathspey.

Mr Jarvie, who seemed very alert and expeditious in going through business, soon shewed himself master of that which he had been considering, and addressed himself to Mr Owen in the following strain: "Weel, Mr Owen, weel—your house are awn certain sums to Messrs MacVittie and MacFin (shame fa' their souple snouts, they made that and mair out o' a bargain about the aik-woods at Glen-Cailziechat, that they took out atween my teeth—wi' help o' your good word I maun needs say, Mr Owen—but that makes nae odds now).—Weel, sir, your house awes them this siller; and for this, and relief of other engagements they stand in for you, they hae putten a double turn o' Stanchell's muckle key on ye.—Weel, sir, ye awe this siller—and maybe ye awe some mair to some other body too—maybe ye awe some to mysell, Baillie Nicol Jarvie."

"I cannot deny, sir, but the balance may of this date be brought out against us, Mr Jarvie," said Owen; "but you'll please to consider"——

"I hae nae time to consider e'enow, Mr Owen—Sae near Sabbath at e'en, and out o' ane's warm bed at this time o' night, and a sort o' drow in the air besides—there's nae time for considering—But, sir, as I was saying, ye awe me money—it winna deny—ye awe me money, less or mair, I'll stand by it—But then, Mr Owen, I canna see how you, an active man that understands business, can redd out the business ye're come down about, and clear us a' aff—as I have gritt hope ye will—if ye're keepit lying here in the tolbooth of Glasgow—Now, sir, if ye can find caution *judicio sisti*, that is, that ye winna flee the country, but appear and relieve your caution when ca'd for in our legal courts, ye may be set at liberty this very morning."

"Mr Jarvie," said Owen, "if any friend would become surety for me to that effect,

my liberty might be usefully employed, doubtless, both for the house and all connected with it."

"Aweel, sir," continued Jarvie, "and doubtless such a friend wad expect ye to appear when ca'd on, and relieve him o' his engagement."

"And I should do so as certainly, bating sickness or death, as that two and two make four."

"Aweel, Mr Owen," resumed the citizen of Glasgow, "I dinna misdoubt ye, and I'll prove it, sir—I'll prove it. I am a carefu' man, as is weel kenn'd, and industrious, as the hale town can testify; and I can win my crowns, and keep my crowns, and count my crowns, wi' ony body in the Saut-Market, or it may be in the Gallowgate. And I'm a prudent man, as my father the deacon was before me; but rather than an honest civil gentleman, that understands business, and is willing to do justice to all men, should lie by the heels this gate, unable to help himsell or any body else—why,

conscience, man! I'll be your bail mysell—But ye'll mind it's a bail *judicio sisti*, as our town-clerk says, not *judicatum solvi*, ye'll mind that, for there's muckle difference."

Mr Owen assured him, that as matters then stood, he could not expect any one to become security for the actual payment of the debt, but that there was not the most distant cause for apprehending loss from his failing to present himself when lawfully called upon.

"I believe ye—I believe ye. Eneugh said—eneugh said. We'se ha'e your legs loose by the morn at breakfast-time. And now let's hear what thir chamber chiels o' yours hae to say for themselves, or how, in the name of unrule, they got here at this time o' night."

CHAPTER X.

Hame came our gudeman at e'en,
  And hame came he,
And there he saw a man
  Where a man suldna be.
"How's this now, kimmer?
  How's this? quo he,—
How came this carle here
  Without the leave o' me?"

Old Song.

The magistrate took the light out of his servant-maid's hand, and advanced to his scrutiny, like Diogenes in the street of Athens, lantern-in-hand, and probably with as little expectation as that of the cynic, that he was likely to encounter any especial treasure in the course of his researches. The first whom he approached was my mysterious guide, who, seated on a table, as I have already described him, with his eyes firmly fixed on the wall, his features arranged into the utmost inflexibility of expression, his hands folded on his breast with an

air betwixt carelessness and defiance, his heel patting against the foot of the table, to keep time with the tune which he continued to whistle, submitted to Mr Jarvie's investigation with an air of absolute confidence and assurance, which, for a moment, placed at fault the memory and sagacity of the acute and anxious investigator.

"Ah!—Eh!—Oh!" exclaimed the Baillie. "Conscience! it's impossible—and yet—no!—Conscience, it canna be!—And yet again—Deil hae me! that I suld say sae—Ye robber—ye cataran—ye born deevil that ye are, to a' bad ends and nae gude ane—can this be you?"

"E'en as ye see, Baillie," was the laconic answer.

"Conscience! if I am na clean bumbaized—you, ye cheat-the-wuddy rogue, you here on your venture in the tolbooth o' Glasgow?—What d'ye think's the value o' your head?"

"Umph—why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one

provost's, four baillies', a town-clerk's, six deacons', besides stent-masters"——

"Ah, ye reiving villain!" said Mr Jarvie. "But tell ower your sins, and prepare ye, for if I say the word"——

"True, Baillie," said he who was thus addressed, folding his hands behind him with the utmost *non-chalance*, "but ye will never say that word."

"And why suld I not, sir?" exclaimed the magistrate—"Why suld I not? Answer me that—why suld I not?"

"For three sufficient reasons, Baillie Jarvie—first, for auld langsyne;—second, for the sake of the auld wife ayont the fire at Stuckavrallachan, that made some mixture of our bluids, to my own proper shame be it spoken, that has a cousin wi' accounts, and yarn winnles, and looms, and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person;—and lastly, Baillie, because if I saw a sign o' your betraying me, I would plaister that wa' with your harns ere the hand of man could rescue you!"

"Ye're a bauld desperate villain, sir," retorted the undaunted Baillie; "and ye ken that I ken ye to be sae, and that I wadna stand a moment for my ain risk."

"I ken weel," said the other, "ye hae gentle bluid in your veins, and I wad be laith to hurt my ain kinsman. But I'll gang out here as free as I came in, or the very wa's o' Glasgow tolbooth shall tell o't these ten years to come."

"Weel, weel," said Mr Jarvie, "bluid's thicker than water; and it lies na in kith, kin, and ally, to see mots in ilk other's een if other een see them no. It wad be sair news to the auld wife below the Ben of Stuckavrallachan, that you, ye Hieland limmer, had knockit out my harns, or that I had kilted you up in a tow. But ye'll own, ye dour deevil, that were it no your very sell, I wad hae grippit the best man in the Hielands."

"Ye wad hae tried, cousin," answered my guide, "that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad hae come aff wi' the short measure, for we gang-there-out Hieland bodies are

an unchancy generation when you speak to us o' bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid-claith about our hinderlans ; let a be breeks o' freestone, and garters o' iron."

"Ye'll find the stane breeks and the airn garters, ay, and the hemp cravat, for a' that, neighbour," replied the Baillie. "Nae man in a civilised country ever played the pliskies ye hae done—but 'e'en pickle in your ain pock-neuck—I hae gi'en ye warning."

"Well, cousin," said the other, "ye'll wear black at my burial?"

"Deil a black cloak will be there, Robin, but the corbies and the hoodie craws, I'se gi'e ye my hand on that. But whar's the gude thousand pund Scots that I lent ye, man, and when am I to see it again?"

"Where it is," replied my guide, after the affectation of considering for a moment,—"I cannot justly tell—probably where last year's snaw is."

"And that's on the top of Schehallion, ye dog," said Mr Jarvie ; "and I look for payment frae you where ye stand."

"Ay," replied the Highlander, "but I keep nather snaw nor dollars in my sporran. And as to when you'll see it—why, just when the king enjoys his ain again, as the auld sang says."

"Warst of a', Robin," retorted the Glaswegian,—"I mean, ye disloyal traitor—Warst of a'!—Wad ye bring Popery in on us, and arbitrary power, and a foist and a warming-pan, and the set forms, and the curates, and the auld enormities o' surplices and cearments? Ye had better stick to your auld trade o' theft-boot, black-mail, spreaghs, and gill-ravaging—better stealing nowte than ruining nations.'

"Hout man, whisht wi' your whiggery," answered the Celt, "we hae kenn'd ane anither mony a lang day. I'se take care your counting-room is no cleaned out when the Gillon-a-naillie come to redd up the Glasgow buiths, and clear them o' their auld shop-wares. And, unless it just fa' in the preceese way o' your duty, ye manna see me oftener, Nicol, than I am disposed to be seen."

"You are a daring villain, Rob," answered the Baillie; "and ye will be hanged, that will be seen and heard tell o'; but I'se near be the ill bird, and foul my nest, set apart strong necessity and the skreigh of duty, which no man should hear and be inobedient.—And wha the deevil's this?" he continued, turning to me—"Some gill-ravager that ye hae listed, I dare say. He looks as if he had a bauld heart to the highway, and a lang craig for the gibbet."

"This, good Mr Jarvie," said Mr Owen, who, like myself, had been struck dumb during this strange recognition, and no less strange dialogue, which took place betwixt these extraordinary kinsmen—"This, good Mr Jarvie, is young Mr Frank Osbaldistone, only child of the head of our house, who should have been taken into our firm at the time Mr Rashleigh Osbaldistone, his cousin, had the luck to be taken into it"—(Here Owen could not suppress a groan)—"but, howsoever"——

"O, I have heard of that smaik," said the Scotch merchant, interrupting him;

"it is he whom your principal, like an obstinate auld fule, wad make a merchant o', wad he or wad he no, and the lad turned a strolling stage-player, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by. Weel, sir, what say you to your handywark?—Will Hamlet the Dane, or Hamlet's ghost, be good security for Mr Owen, sir?"

"I don't deserve your taunt," I replied, "though I respect your motive, and am too grateful for the assistance you have afforded Mr Owen to resent it. My only business here was to do what I could (it is perhaps very little) to aid Mr Owen in the management of my father's affairs. My dislike of the commercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

"I protest," said the Highlander, "I had some respect for this callant before I kenn'd what was in him; but I honour him for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and sic like mechanical persons and their pursuits."

"Ye're mad, Rob," said the Baillie—"mad as a March hare,—though wherefore a hare

suld be mad at March mair than at Martinmas, is mair than I can weel say. Weavers! Deil shake ye out o' the web the weaver craft made. Spinners!—ye'll spin and wind yoursell a bonnie pirn. And this young birkie here, that ye're hoying and hounding on the shortest road to the gallows and the deevil, will his stage-plays and his poetries help him here, d'ye think, ony mair than your deep oaths and drawn dirks, ye reprobate that ye are?—Will *Tityre tu patule*, as they ca' it, tell him where Rashleigh Osbaldistone is? or Macbeth, and all his kernes and galla-glasses, and your awn to boot, Rob, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence, were they a' rouped at the Cross, basket-hilts, Andra-Ferraras, leather targets, brogues, brochan, and sporrans?"

"Ten days?" I answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Vernon's packet; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank

enclosure, owing to the trepidation with which I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr Jarvie's feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and, to my astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, "Here's a wind has blown a letter to its right owner, though there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand."

The Highlander, having examined the address, broke the letter open without the least ceremony. I endeavoured to interrupt his proceeding.

"You must satisfy me, sir, that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to peruse it."

"Make yourself easy, Mr Osbaldistone," replied the mountaineer, with great composure;—"remember Justice Inglewood, Clerk Jobson, Mr Morris—above all, remember your vera humble servant, Robert

Cawmil, and the beautiful Diana Vernon. Remember all this, and doubt no longer that the letter is for me."

I remained astonished at my own stupidity. Through the whole night, the voice, and even the features of this man, though imperfectly seen, haunted me with recollections to which I could assign no exact local or personal associations. But now the light dawned on me at once—this man was Campbell himself. His whole peculiarities flashed on me at once,—the deep strong voice,—the inflexible, stern, yet considerate cast of features,—the Scottish brogue, with its corresponding dialect and imagery, which, although he possessed the power at times of laying them aside, recurred at every moment of emotion, and gave pith to his sarcasm, or vehemence to his expostulation. Rather beneath the middle size than above it, his limbs were formed upon the very strongest model that is consistent with agility, while, from the

remarkable ease and freedom of his movements, you could not doubt his possessing the latter quality in a high degree of perfection. Two points in his person interfered with the rules of symmetry—his shoulders were so broad in proportion to his height, as, notwithstanding the lean and lathy appearance of his frame, gave him something the air of being too square in respect to his stature; and his arms, though round, sinewy, and strong, were so very long as to be rather a deformity. I afterwards heard that this length of arm was a circumstance in which he prided himself; that when he wore his native Highland garb he could tie the garters of his hose without stooping; and that it gave him great advantage in the use of the broadsword, at which he was very dexterous. But certainly this want of symmetry destroyed the claim he might otherwise have set up to be accounted a very handsome man; it gave something wild, irregular, and, as it were, unearthly to his appear-

ance, and reminded me involuntarily of the tales which Mabel used to tell of the old Picts who ravaged Northumberland in ancient times, who, according to her traditions, were a sort of half goblin half human beings, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning, ferocity, the length of their arms, and the squareness of their shoulders.

When, however, I recollected the circumstances in which we formerly met, I could not doubt that the billet was most probably designed for him. He had made a marked figure among those mysterious personages over whom Diana seemed to exercise an influence, and from whom she experienced an influence in her turn. It was painful to think that the fate of a being so amiable was involved in that of desperadoes of this man's description; yet it seemed impossible to doubt it. Of what use, however, could this person be to my father's affairs?—I could think only of one. Rashleigh Osbaldistone had, at the instiga-

tion of Miss Vernon, certainly found means to produce Mr Campbell when his presence was necessary to exculpate me from Morris's accusation—Was it not possible that her influence, in like manner, might prevail on Campbell to produce Rashleigh? Speaking on this supposition, I requested to know where my dangerous kinsman was, and when Mr Campbell had seen him. The an swer was indirect.

"It's a kittle cast she has gien me to play; but yet it's fair play, and I winna baulk her. Mr Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence—my kinsman can show you the way —leave Mr Owen to do the best he can in Glasgow—do you come and see me in the glens, and it's like I may pleasure you, and stead your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wit's better than wealth—and, cousin," (turning from me to address Mr Jarvie) "if ye daur venture sae muckle as to eat a dish of Scotch collops, and a leg o' red deer venison wi' me, come ye wi' this young Sassenach gentleman as

far as Drymen or Bucklivie, or the Clachan of Aberfoil will be better than ony o' them, and I'll hae somebody waiting to weise ye the gate to the place where I may be for the time—What say ye, man? —There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile ye."

"Na, na, Robin," said the cautious burgher, "I seldom like to leave the Gorbals; I have nae freedom to gang amang your wild hills, Robin, and your kilted red shanks—it doesna become my place, man."

"The devil damn your place and you baith!" reiterated Campbell. "The only drap o' gentle bluid that's in your body was our great-grand uncle's that was justified at Dunbarton, and you set yoursell up to say ye wad derogate frae your place to visit me!—Heark thee, man, I owe thee a day in harst—I'll pay up your thousan pund Scots, plack and bawbee, gin ye'll be an honest fallow for anes, and just daiker up the gate wi' this Sassenach."

"Hout awa' wi' your gentility," replied the baillie; "carry your gentle bluid to

the Cross, and see what ye'll buy wi't.—But, if I *were* to come, wad ye really and soothfastly pay me the siller?"

"I swear to ye," said the Highlander, "upon the halidome of him that sleeps beneath the gray stane at Inch-Cailleach."

"Say nae mair, Robin—say nae mair—We'll see what may be dune.—But ye maunna expect me to gang ower the Highland line—I'll gae beyond the line at no rate. Ye maun meet me about Bucklivie or the Clachan of Aberfoil, and dinna forget the needful."

"Nae fear—nae fear," said Campbell, "I'll be as true as the steel blade that never failed its master.—But I must be budging, cousin, for the air o' Glasgow tolbooth is no that ower salutary to a Highlander's constitution."

"Troth," replied the merchant, "and if my duty were to be dune, ye couldna change your atmosphere, as the minister ca's it, this ae wee while.—Ochon, that I suld ever be concerned in aiding and abet-

ting an escape frae justice! it will be a shame and disgrace to me and mine, and my very father's memory, for ever."

"Hout tout, man, let that flee stick in the wa'," answered his kinsman; "when the dirt's dry it will rub out—Your father, honest man, could look ower a friend's faults as weel as anither."

"Ye may be right, Robin," replied the Baillie, after a moment's reflection; "he was a considerate man the deacon; he kenn'd we had a' our frailties, and he lo'ed his friends—Ye'll no hae forgotten him, Robin?" This question he put in a softened tone, conveying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic.

"Forgotten him!"—replied his kinsman, "what suld ail me to forget him?—a wapping weaver he was, and wrought my first pair o' hose.—But come awa', kinsman,

"Come fill up my cap, come fill up my cann,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my man;
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee."

"Whisht, sir!" said the magistrate, in-

an authoritative tone—"lilting and singing sae near the latter end o' the Sabbath? This house may hear ye sing anither tune yet —Aweel, we hae a' backslidings to answer for—Stanchells, open the door."

The jailor obeyed, and we all sallied forth. Stanchells looked with some surprise at the two strangers, wondering, doubtless, how they came into these premises without his knowledge; but Mr Jarvie's "Friends of mine, Stanchells—friends of mine," silenced all disposition to enquiries. We now descended into the lower vestibule, and hollowed more than once for Dougal, to which summons no answer was returned, when Campbell observed, with a Sardonic smile, "That if Dougal was the lad he kent him, he would scarce wait to get thanks for his ain share of the night's wark, but was in all probability on the full trot to the pass of Ballamaha."——

"And left us—and, abune a', me mysell, locked up in the tolbooth a' night!" exclaimed the deacon in ire and perturba-

tion. "Ca' for fore-hammers, sledge-hammers, pinches, and coulters; send for Deacon Yettlin, the smith, and let him ken that Baillie Jarvie's shut up in the tolbooth by a Hieland blackguard, whom he'll hang as high as Haman"——

"When ye catch him," said Campbell gravely; "but stay, the door is surely not locked."

Indeed, on examination, we found that the door was not only left open, but that Dougal in his retreat had, by carrying off the keys along with him, taken care that no one should exercise his office of porter in a hurry.

"He has glimmerings o' common sense now, that creature Dougal," said Campbell; "he kenn'd an open door might hae served me at a pinch."

We were by this time in the street.

"I tell you, Robin," said the magistrate, "in my puir mind, if ye live the life ye do, ye shuld hae ane o' your gillies door-keeper in every jail in Scotland, in case o' the warst."

"Ane o' my kinsmen a baillie in ilka burgh will just do as weel, cousin Nicol—so, gude-night or gude-morning to ye; and forget not the Clachan of Aberfoil."

And without waiting for an answer, he sprung to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness. Immediately on his disappearance, we heard him give a low whistle of peculiar modulation; which was instantly replied to.

"Hear to the Hieland deevils," said Mr Jarvie; "they think themsels on the skirts of Benlomond already, where they may gang whewing and whistling about without minding Sunday or Saturday." Here he was interrupted by something which fell with a heavy clash on the street before us—"Gude guide us! what's this mair o't?—Mattie, haud up the lantern—Conscience! if it isna the keys—Weel, that's just as weel—they cost the burgh siller, and there might hae been some clavers about the loss o' them—O, an Baillie Grahame were to get word o' this night's job, it wad be a sair hair in my neck!"

As we were still but a few steps from the tolbooth door, we carried back these implements of office, and consigned them to the head jailor, who, in lieu of the usual mode of making good his post by turning the keys, was keeping sentry in the vestibule till the arrival of some assistant, whom he had summoned to replace the Celtic fugitive Dougal.

Having discharged this piece of duty to the burgh, and my road lying the same way with the honest magistrate, I profitted by the light of his lantern, and he by my arm, to find our way through the streets, which, whatever they may now be, were then dark, uneven, and ill-paved. Age is easily propitiated by attentions from the young. The Baillie expressed himself interested in me, and added, " That since I was nane o' that play-acting and play-ganging generation, whom his saul hated, he wad be glad if I wad eat a reisted haddock, or a fresh herring, at breakfast wi' him the morn, and meet my friend,

Mr Owen, whom, by that time, he would place at liberty."

"My dear sir," said I, when I had accepted of the invitation with thanks, "how could you possibly connect me with the stage?"

"I wat na," replied Mr Jarvie; "it was a blethering phrasing chield they ca' Fairservice, that came at e'en to get an order to send the crier through the toun for ye at skreigh o' day the morn. He tell't me whae ye were, and how ye were sent frae your father's house, because ye wadna be a dealer, and that ye mightna disgrace your family wi' ganging on the stage. Ane Hammorgaw, our precentor, brought him here, and said he was an auld acquaintance; but I sent them baith awa' wi' a flea in their lug for bringing me sic an errand on sic a night. But I see he's a fule-creature a' thegither, and clean mista'en about ye. I like ye, man," he continued; "I like a lad that will stand by his friends in trouble —I aye did it mysel, and sae did the deacon, my father, rest and bless him. But

ye suldna keep ower muckle company wi' Hielandmen and thae wild cattle. Can a man touch pitch and no be defiled?—aye mind that. Nae doubt, the best and wisest may err—Once, twice, and thrice, have I backslidden, man, and dune three things this night—my father wadna hae believed his e'en if he could hae looked up and seen me do them."

He was by this time arrived at the door of his own dwelling. He paused, however, on the threshold, and went on in a solemn tone of deep contrition,—"Firstly, I hae thought my ain thoughts on the Sabbath —Secondly, I hae gi'en security for an Englishman—and, in the third and last place, well-a-day! I hae let an ill-doer escape from the place of imprisonment—But there's balm in Gilead, Mr Osbaldistone —Mattie, I can let mysel in—see Mr Osbaldistone to Luckie Flyter's, at the corner o' the wynd.—Mr Osbaldistone"—in a whisper—"ye'll offer nae incivility to Mattie—she's an honest man's daughter, and a near cousin o' the Laird o' Limmerfield's."

CHAPTER XI.

"Will it please your worship to accept of my poor service? I beseech that I may feed upon your bread, though it be the brownest, and drink of your drink, though it be of the smallest; for I will do your worship as much service for forty shillings as another man shall for three pounds."

GREENE'S *Tu Quoque*.

I remembered the honest Baillie's parting charge, but did not conceive there was any incivility in adding a kiss to the half-crown with which I remunerated Mattie's attendance; nor did her "Fie for shame, sir," express any very deadly resentment of the affront. Repeated knocking at Mrs Flyter's gate awakened in due order, first, one or two stray dogs, who began to bark with all their might; next, two or three night-capped heads, which were thrust out of the neighbouring windows to reprehend me for disturbing the solemnity of the Sunday

night by that untimely noise. While I trembled lest the thunders of their wrath might dissolve in showers, like that of Xantippe, Mrs Flyter herself awoke, and began, in a tone of objurgation not unbecoming the philosophical spouse of Socrates, to scold one or two loiterers in her kitchen, for not hastening to the door to prevent a repetition of my noisy summons.

These worthies were, indeed, nearly concerned in the fracas which their laziness occasioned, being no other than the faithful Mr Fairservice, with his friend Mr Hammorgaw, and another person, whom I afterwards found to be the town-crier, who were sitting over a cog of ale, as they called it, (at my expence, as my bill afterwards informed me,) in order to devise the terms and style of a proclamation to be made through the streets the next day, in order that "the unfortunate young gentleman," as they had the impudence to qualify me, might be restored to his friends without farther delay. It may be supposed that I

did not suppress my displeasure at this impertinent interference with my affairs; but Andrew set up such ejaculations of transport at my arrival, as fairly drowned my expressions of resentment. His raptures, perchance, were partly political; and the tears of joy which he shed had certainly their source in that noble fountain of emotion, the tankard. However, the tumultuous glee which he felt, or pretended to feel at my return, saved Andrew the broken head which I had twice destined him; first, on account of the colloquy he had held with the precentor on my affairs; and, secondly, for the impertinent history he had thought proper to give of me to Mr Jarvie. I however contented myself with slapping the door of my bed-room in his face as he followed me, praising Heaven for my safe return, and mixing his joy with admonitions to me to take care how I walked by myself in future. I then went to bed, resolving my first business in the morning

should be to discharge this troublesome, pedantic, self-conceited coxcomb, who seemed so much disposed to constitute himself rather a preceptor than a domestic.

Accordingly in the morning I resumed my purpose, and calling Andrew into my apartment, requested to know his charge for guiding and attending me as far as Glasgow. Mr Fairservice looked very blank at this demand, justly considering it as a presage to approaching dismission.

" Your honour," he said, after some hesitation, " winna think—winna think"——

" Speak out, you rascal, or I'll break your head," said I, as Andrew, between the double risk of losing all by asking too much, or a part, by stating his demand lower than what I might be willing to pay, stood gasping in the agony of doubt and calculation.

Out it came with a bolt, however, at my threat, as the kind violence of a blow on the back sometimes delivers the windpipe from an intrusive morsel. " Aughteen

pennies per diem—that is by the day—your honour wadna think unconscionable."

"It is double what is usual, and treble what you merit, Andrew; but there's a guinea for you, and get about your business."

"The Lord forgi'e us! Is your honour mad?" exclaimed Andrew.

"No; but I think you mean to make me so—I give you a third above your demand, and you stand staring and expostulating there as if I were cheating you.—Take your money, and go about your business."

"Gude safe us!" continued Andrew, "in what can I hae offended your honour?—Certainly a' flesh is but as flowers of the field; but if a bed of camomile hath value in medicine, of a surety the use of Andrew Fairservice to your honour is nothing less evident—it's as muckle as your life's worth to part wi' me."

"Upon my honour," replied I, "it is difficult to say whether you are more knave

or fool.—So you intend then to remain with me whether I like it or no?"

"Troth, I was e'en thinking sae," replied Andrew, dogmatically; "for if your honour doesna ken when ye hae a gude servant, I ken when I hae a gude master, and deil be in my feet gin I leave ye—and there's the brief and the lang o't,—besides I hae received nae regular warning to quit my place."

"Your place, sir!" said I; "why, you are no hired servant of mine; you are merely a guide, whose knowledge of the country I availed myself of on my road."

"I am no just a common servant, I admit, sir," remonstrated Mr Fairservice; "but your honour kens I quitted a gude place at an hour's notice, to comply wi' your honour's solicitations. A man might make honestly, and wi' a clear conscience, twenty sterling pounds per annum, weel counted siller, o' the garden at Osbaldistone-Hall, and I wasna likely to gi'e up a' that for a guinea, I trow—I reckoned on

staying wi' your honour to the term's end at the least o't; and I account upon my wage, board-wage, fee, and bountith, aye to that length o't at the least."

"Come, come, sir," replied I, "these impudent pretensions won't serve your turn; and if I hear any more of them, I shall convince you, that Squire Thorncliff is not the only one of my name that can use his fingers."

While I spoke thus, the whole matter struck me as so ridiculous, that, though really angry, I had some difficulty to forbear laughing at the gravity with which Andrew supported a plea so utterly extravagant. The rascal, aware of the impression he had made on my muscles, was encouraged to perseverance. He judged it safer, however, to take his pretensions a peg lower, in case of overstraining at the same time both his plea and my patience.

"Admitting that my honour could part with a faithful servant, that had served me

and mine by day and night for twenty years, in a strange place, and at a moment's warning, he was weel assured," he said, "it wasna in my heart, nor in no true gentleman's, to pit a puir lad like himsell, that had come forty or fifty, or say a hundred miles out o' his road purely to bear my honour company, and that had nae hauding but his penny-fee, to sic a hardship as this comes to."

I think it was you, Will, who once told me, that, to be an obstinate man, I am in certain things the most gullable and malleable of mortals. The fact is, that it is only contradiction which makes me peremptory, and when I do not feel myself called on to give battle to any proposition, I am always willing to grant it, rather than give myself much trouble. I knew this fellow to be a greedy, tiresome coxcomb; still, however, I must have some one about me in the quality of guide and domestic, and I was so much used to Andrew's humour, that on some occasions

it was rather amusing. In the state of indecision to which these reflections led me, I asked Fairservice if he knew the roads, towns, &c. in the north of Scotland, to which my father's concerns with the proprietors of Highland forests were likely to lead me. I believe if I had asked him the road to the terrestrial paradise, he would have at that moment undertaken to guide me to it, so that I had reason afterwards to think myself fortunate in finding that his actual knowledge did not fall very much short of that which he asserted himself to possess. I fixed the amount of his wages, and reserved to myself the privilege of dismissing him when I chose, upon paying him a week in advance. I gave him finally a severe lecture upon his conduct of the preceding day, and then dismissed him, rejoicing at heart, though somewhat crest-fallen in countenance,* to rehearse to his friend the precentor, who was taking his morning draught in the kitchen, the mode

in which he had "cuitled up the daft young English squire."

Agreeable to appointment, I went next to Baillie Nicol Jarvie's, where a comfortable morning's repast was arranged in the parlour, which served as an apartment of all hours, and almost all works, to that honest gentleman. The bustling and benevolent magistrate had been as good as his word. I found my friend Owen at liberty, and, conscious of the refreshments, and purification of brush and bason, was of course a very different person from Owen a prisoner, squalid, heart-broken, and hopeless. Yet the sense of pecuniary difficulties arising behind, before, and around him, had depressed his spirit, and the almost paternal embrace which the good man gave me, was embittered by a sigh of the deepest anxiety. And when he sate down, the heaviness in his eye and manner, so different from the quiet composed satisfaction which they usually exhibited, indicated, that he was employing his arith-

metic in mentally numbering up the days, the hours, the minutes which yet remained as an interval between the dishonour of bills and the downfal of the great commercial establishment of Osbaldistone and Tresham. It was left to me, therefore, to do honour to our landlord's hospitable cheer,—to his tea, right from China, which he got in a present from some eminent ship's-husband at Wapping,—to his coffee, from a snug plantation of his own, as he informed us with a wink, called Salt-market Grove, in the island of Jamaica,—to his English toast and ale, his Scotch dried salmon, his Lochfine herrings, and even to the double damask tablecloth, "wrought by no hand, as you may guess," save that of his deceased father, the worthy Deacon Jarvie. Having conciliated our good-humoured host by those little attentions which are great to most men, I endeavoured in my turn to gain from him some information which might be useful for my guidance, as well as for the satisfaction of my curio-

sity. We had not hitherto made the least allusion to the transactions of the preceding night, a circumstance which made my question sound somewhat abrupt, when, without any previous introduction of the subject, I took advantage of a pause when the history of the tablecloth ended, and that of the napkins was about to commence, to enquire, "Pray, by the bye, Mr Jarvie, who may this Mr Robert Campbell be whom we met with last night?"

The interrogatory seemed to strike the honest magistrate, to use the vulgar phrase, "all of a heap," and instead of answering, he repeated the question,—"Whae's Mr Robert Campbell?—ahem—ahay!—Whae's Mr Robert Campbell, quo' he?"

"Yes," said I, "I mean who, and what is he?"

"Why, he's—ahay!—he's—ahem!—Where did ye meet with Mr Robert Campbell, as ye ca' him?"

"I met him by chance," I replied, "some months ago, in the north of England."

"Ou then, Mr Osbaldistone," said the Baillie doggedly, "ye'll ken as muckle about him as I do."

"I should suppose not, Mr Jarvie," I replied; "you are his relation it seems, and his friend."

"There is some cousin-red between us, doubtless," said the Baillie reluctantly, "but we hae seen little o' ilk other since Rob gae up the cattle-line o' dealing, poor fallow; he was hardly guided by them might hae used him better—and they haena made their plack a bawbee o't neither. There's mony ane this day wad rather they had never chased puir Robin frae the Cross o' Glasgow—there's mony ane wad rather see him again at the tail o' three hundred kyloes, than at the head o' thirty waur cattle."

"All this explains nothing to me, Mr Jarvie, of Mr Campbell's rank, habits of life, and means of subsistence," I replied.

"Rank?" said Mr Jarvie; "he's a Hieland gentleman, nae doubt—better rank need nane to be;—and for habit, I judge

he wears the Hieland habit amang the hills, though he has breeks on when he comes to Glasgow;—and as for his subsistence, what needs we care about his subsistence, sae lang as he asks naething frae huz, ye ken. But I hae nae time for clavering about him e'en now, because we maun look into your father's concerns wi' a' speed."

So saying, he put on his spectacles, and sate down to examine Mr Owen's states, which the other thought it most prudent to communicate to him without reserve. I knew enough of business to be aware that nothing could be more acute and sagacious than the views which Jarvie entertained of the matters submitted to his examination; and, to do him justice, it was marked by much fairness and even liberality. He scratched his ear indeed repeatedly, on observing the balance which stood at the debit of Osbaldistone and Tresham in account with himself personally.

"It may be a dead loss," he observed;

"and conscience! whate'er ane o' your Lombard-street goldsmiths may say to it, it's a snell ane in the Sautmarket o' Glasgow. It will be a heavy deficit—a staff out o' my bicker, I trow. But what then?—I trust the house winna coup the crans for a' that's com'd and gane yet; and if it does, I'll never bear sae base a mind as thae corbies in the Gallowgate—an' I am to lose by ye, I'se ne'er deny I hae won by ye mony a fair pund sterling—Sae, an' it come to the warst, I'se e'en lay the head o' the sow to the tail o' the grice."

I did not altogether understand the proverbial arrangement with which Mr Jarvie consoled himself, but I could easily see that he took a kind and friendly interest in the arrangement of my father's affairs, suggested several expedients, approved several arrangements proposed by Owen, and, by his countenance and counsel, greatly abated the gloom upon the brow of that afflicted delegate of my father's establishment.

As I was an idle spectator on this occasion, and, perhaps, as I showed some inclination more than once to return to the prohibited, and, apparently, the puzzling subject of Mr Campbell, Mr Jarvie dismissed me with little formality, with an advice to "gang up the gate to the College, where I wad find some chields should speak Greek and Latin weel, at least they got plenty o' siller for doing de'il hae't else, if they didna do that, and where I might read a spell o' the wordy Mr Zachary Boyd's translation o' the Scriptures—better poetry need nane to be, as he had been tell'd by them that kenn'd, or suld hae kenn'd, about sic things." But he seasoned this dismission with a kind and hospitable invitation, "to come back and take part o' his family-chack, at ane preceesely—there wad be a leg o' mutton, and, it might be, a tup's head, for they were in season;" but, above all, I was to return at "ane o'clock preceesely—it was the hour

he and the deacon his father aye dined at—they pat it aff for naething nor for naebody."

CHAPTER XII.

So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear;
And hears him in the rustling wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees,
And thinks—Here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight or I.

Palamon and Arcite.

I took the route towards the College, as recommended by Mr Jarvie, less with the intention of seeking for any object of interest or amusement, than to arrange my own ideas and meditate on my future conduct. I wandered from one quadrangle of old-fashioned buildings to another, and from thence to the College-yards, or walking-ground, where, pleased with the solitude of the place, most of the students being engaged in their classes, I took several turns, pondering on the waywardness of my own destiny.

I could not doubt, from the circum-

stances attending my first meeting with this person Campbell, that he was engaged in some strangely desperate courses, and the reluctance with which Mr Jarvie alluded to his person or pursuits, as well as all the scene of the preceding night, tended to confirm these suspicions. Yet to this man Diana Vernon had not, it would seem, hesitated to address herself in my behalf; and the conduct of the magistrate himself towards him shewed an odd mixture of kindness and even respect with pity and censure. Something there must be uncommon in Campbell's situation and character; and what was still more extraordinary, it seemed that his fate was doomed to have influence over, and connection with, my own. I resolved to bring Mr Jarvie to close quarters on the first proper opportunity, and learn as much as was possible on the subject of this mysterious person, in order that I might judge whether it was possible for me, without prejudice to my reputation, to hold that degree of far-

ther correspondence with him to which he seemed to invite.

While I was musing on these subjects, my attention was attracted by three persons who appeared at the upper end of the walk through which I was sauntering, seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. That intuitive impression which announces to us the approach of whomsoever we love or hate with intense vehemence, long before a more indifferent eye can recognise their persons, flashed upon my mind the sure conviction that the midmost of these three men was Rashleigh Osbaldistone. To address him was my first impulse; my second was, to watch him until he was alone, or at least to reconnoitre his companions before confronting him. The party was still at such distance, and engaged in such deep discourse, that I had time to step unobserved to the other side of a small hedge, which imperfectly screened the alley in which I was walking.

It was at this period the fashion of the

young and gay to wear, in their morning walks, a scarlet cloak, often laced and embroidered, above their other dress, and it was the trick of the time for gallants occasionally to dispose it so as to muffle a part of the face. The imitating this fashion, with the degree of shelter which I received from the hedge, enabled me to meet my cousin, unobserved by him or the others, except perhaps as a passing stranger. I was not a little startled at recognising in his companions that very Morris on whose account I had been summoned before Justice Inglewood, and Mr MacVittie the merchant, at whose starched and severe aspect I had recoiled on the preceding day.

A more ominous conjunction to my own affairs, and those of my father, could scarce have been formed. I remembered Morris's false accusation against me, which he might be as easily induced to renew as he had been intimidated to withdraw it; I recollected the inauspicious influence of MacVittie over my father's affairs, testified by

the imprisonment of Owen; and I now saw both these men combined with one, whose talents for mischief I deemed little inferior to those of the great author of all ill, and my abhorrence of whom almost amounted to dread.

When they had passed me for some paces, I turned and followed them unobserved. At the end of the walk they separated, Morris and MacVittie leaving the gardens, and Rashleigh returning alone through the walks. I was now determined to confront him, and demand reparation for the injuries he had done my father, though in what form redress was likely to be rendered remained to be known. This, however, I trusted to chance; and, flinging back the cloak in which I was muffled, I passed through a gap of the low hedge, and presented myself before Rashleigh, as, in a deep reverie, he paced down the avenue.

Rashleigh was no man to be surprised, or thrown off his guard by sudden occur-

rences. Yet he did not find me thus close to him, wearing undoubtedly in my face the marks of that indignation which was glowing in my bosom, without visibly starting at an apparition so sudden and so menacing.

"You are well met, sir," was my commencement; "I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you."

"You know little of him you sought, then," replied Rashleigh, with his wonted undaunted composure. "I am easily found by my friends—still more easily by my foes;—your manner compels me to ask in which class I must rank Mr Francis Osbaldistone?"

"In that of your foes, sir," I answered; "in that of your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to your benefactor, my father, by accounting for his property."

"And to whom, Mr Osbaldistone," answered Rashleigh, "am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give any account of my

proceedings in those concerns, which are in every respect identified with my own?—Surely not to a young gentleman whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible."

" Your sneer, sir, is no answer; I will not part with you until I have full satisfaction concerning the fraud you meditate—you shall go with me before a magistrate."

" Be it so," said Rashleigh, and made a step or two as if to accompany me; then pausing, proceeded:—" Were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate. But I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man! amuse yourself in your world of poetical imaginations, and leave the business of life to those who understand and can conduct it."

His intention, I believe, was to provoke me, and he succeeded. " Mr Osbaldistone," I said, " this tone of calm insolence

shall not avail you. You ought to be aware that the name we both bear never submitted to insult, and shall not in my person be exposed to it."

"You remind me," said Rashleigh, with one of his blackest looks, "that it was dishonoured in my person!—and you remind me also by whom! Do you think I have forgotten the evening at Osbaldistone Hall, when you cheaply and with impunity played the bully at my expence? For that insult—never to be washed out but by blood—for the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice—for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know nor are capable of estimating,—for all these, sir, you owe me a long account, for which there shall come an early day of reckoning."

"Let it come when it will," I replied, "I shall be willing and ready to meet it. Yet you seem to have forgotten the heaviest article—that I had the pleasure to aid Miss

Vernon's good sense and virtuous feeling in extricating her from your infamous toils."

I think his dark eyes flashed actual fire at this home-taunt, and yet his voice retained the same calm expressive tone with which he had hitherto conducted the conversation.

"I had other views with respect to you, young man," was his answer; "less hazardous for you, and more suitable to my present character and former education. But I see you will draw on yourself the personal chastisement your boyish insolence so well merits. Follow me to a more remote spot, where we are less likely to be interrupted."

I followed him accordingly, keeping a strict eye on his motions, for I believed him capable of the very worst actions. We reached an open spot in a sort of wilderness, laid out in the Dutch taste, with clipped hedges, and one or two statues. I was on my guard, and it was well with me that I was so; for Rashleigh's sword was

out and at my breast ere I could throw down my cloak, or get my weapon unsheathed, so that I only saved my life by springing a pace or two backwards. He had some advantage in the difference of our weapons; for his sword, as I recollect, was longer than mine, and had one of those bayonet or three-cornered blades which are now generally worn; whereas, mine was what we then called a Saxon blade—narrow, flat, and two-edged, and scarcely so manageable as that of my enemy. In other respects we were pretty equally matched; for what advantage I might possess in superior address and agility, was fully counter-balanced by Rashleigh's great strength and coolness. He fought, indeed, more like a fiend than a man—with concentrated spite and desire of blood, only allayed by that cool consideration which made his worst actions appear yet worse from the air of deliberate premeditation which seemed to accompany them. His obvious malignity of purpose never for a moment

threw him off his guard, and he exhausted every feint and stratagem proper to the science of defence; while, at the same time, he meditated the most desperate catastrophe to our rencounter.

On my part, the combat was at first sustained with more moderation. My passions, though hasty, were not malevolent; and the walk of two or three minutes space gave me time to reflect that Rashleigh was my father's nephew, the son of an uncle, who after his fashion had been kind to me, and that his falling by my hand could not but occasion much family distress. My first resolution, therefore, was to attempt to disarm my antagonist, a manœuvre in which, confiding in my supposed superiority of skill and practice, I anticipated little difficulty. I found, however, I had met my match; and one or two foils which I received, and from the consequences of which I narrowly escaped, obliged me to observe more caution in my mode of fighting. By degrees I became exasperated at

the rancour with which Rashleigh sought my life, and returned his passes with an inveteracy resembling in some degree his own; so that the combat had all the appearance of being destined to have a tragic issue. That issue had nearly taken place at my expence. My foot slipped in a full lounge which I made at my adversary, and I could not so far recover myself as completely to parry the thrust with which my pass was repaid. Yet it took but partial effect, running through my waistcoat, grazing my ribs, and passing through my coat behind. The hilt of Rashleigh's sword, so great was the vigour of his thrust, struck against my breast with such force as to give me great pain, and confirm me in the momentary belief that I was mortally wounded. Eager for revenge, I grappled with my enemy, seizing with my left hand the hilt of his sword, and shortening my own with the purpose of running him through the body. Our death-grapple was

interrupted by a man who forcibly threw himself between us, and pushing us separate from each other, exclaimed, in a loud and commanding voice, "What! the sons of those who sucked the same breast shedding each others bluid as it were strangers'!—By the hand of my father, I will cleave to the brisket the first man that mints another stroke."

I looked up in astonishment. The speaker was no other than Campbell. He had a basket-hilted broadsword drawn in his hand, which he made to whistle around his head as he spoke, as if for the purpose of enforcing his mediation. Rashleigh and I stared in silence at this unexpected intruder, who proceeded to exhort us alternately: "Do you, Maister Francis, opine that ye will re-establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's thrapple, or getting your ain sneckit instead thereof in the College-yards of Glasgow?—Or do ye, Maister Rashleigh, think men will trust their lives and fortunes wi' ane, that, when in point of

trust and in point of confidence wi' a great political interest, gangs about brawling like a drunken gillie ?—Nay, never look gash or grim at me, man—if ye're angry, ye ken how to turn the buckle o' your belt behind you."

"You presume on my present situation," replied Rashleigh, "or you would hardly have dared to interfere where my honour is concerned."

"Hout, tout, tout!—Presume?—And what for should it be presuming?—Ye may be the richer man, Mr Osbaldistone, as is maist likely, and ye may be the mair learned man, whilk I dispute not; but I reckon ye are neither a prettier man nor a better gentleman than mysell, and it will be news to me when I hear ye are as gude. And *dare* too?—Muckle daring there's about it—I trow here I stand, that hae slashed as het a haggies as ony o' the twa o' ye, and thought nae muckle o' my morning's wark when it was dune. If my foot were on the heather, as it's on the causeway, or this pickle gravel,

that's little better, I hae been waur mis-trysted than if I were set to gie ye baith your ser'ing o't."

Rashleigh had by this time recovered his temper completely. "My kinsman," he said, "will acknowledge he forced this quarrel on me. It was none of my seeking. I am glad we are interrupted before I chastised his forwardness more severely.

"Are ye hurt, lad?" enquired Campbell at me with some appearance of interest.

"A very slight scratch," I answered, "which my kind cousin would not long have boasted of had not you come between us."

"In troth, and that's true, Maister Rashleigh," said Campbell; "for the cauld iron and your best bluid were like to hae become acquaint when I mastered Mr Frank's right hand. But never look like a sow playing on a trump for the luve o' that, man—come and walk wi' me. I hae news to tell ye, and ye'll cool and come to your-

sell, like MacGibbon's crowdy, when he set it out at the window-bole."

"Pardon me, sir," said I, "your intentions have seemed friendly to me on more occasions than one; but I must not, and will not, quit sight of this person, until he yields up to me those means of doing justice to my father's engagements, of which he has treacherously possessed himself."

"Ye're daft, man," replied Campbell, "it will serve ye naething to follow us e'en now; ye hae just enow o' ae man, wad ye bring twa on your head, and might bide quiet?"

"Twenty," I replied, "if it be necessary."

I laid my hand on Rashleigh's collar, who made no resistance, but said, with a sort of scornful smile, "You hear him, MacGregor! he rushes on his fate—will it be my fault if he falls into it?—The warrants are by this time ready, and all is prepared."

The Scotchman was obviously embarrassed. He looked around, and before,

and behind him, and then said; "The ne'er a bit will I yield my consent to his being ill-guided, for standing up for the father that got him—and I gie God's malison and mine to a' sort o' magistrates, justices, baillies, sheriffs, sheriff-officers, constables, and sic like black cattle, that hae been the plagues o' puir auld Scotland this hunder year;—it was a merry warld when every man held his ain gear wi' his ain grip, and when the country side wasna fashed wi' warrants and poindings and apprizings, and a' that cheatry craft. And ance mair I say it, my conscience winna see this puir thoughtless lad ill-guided, and especially wi' that sort o' trade. I wad rather ye fell till't again, and fought it out like douce honest men."

"Your conscience, MacGregor!" said Rashleigh; "you forget how long you and I have known each other."

"Yes, my conscience;" reiterated Campbell, or MacGregor, or whatever was his name, "I hae such a thing about me, Maister Osbaldistone; and therein it may weel

chance that I hae the better o' you. As to our knowledge of each other,—if you ken what I am, ye ken what usage it was made me what I am; and, whatever you may think, I would not change states with the proudest of the oppressors that hae driven me to tak the heather bush for a beild. What *you* are, Maister Rashleigh, and what excuse ye hae for being *what* you are, is between your ain heart and the lang day.—And now, Maister Francis, let go his collar; for he says truly, that ye are in mair danger from a magistrate than he is, and were your cause as straight as an arrow, he wad find a way to put you wrang—So let go his craig, as I was saying."

He seconded his words with an effort so sudden and unexpected, that he freed Rashleigh from my hold, and securing me, notwithstanding my struggles, in his own Herculean gripe, he called out, "Take the bent, Mr Rashleigh. Make ae pair o' legs worth twa pair o' hands; ye hae dune that before now."

"You may thank this gentleman, kinsman," said Rashleigh, "if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; and if I quit you now, it is only in the hope we shall soon meet again without the possibility of interruption."

He took up his sword, wiped it, sheathed it, and was lost among the bushes.

The Scotchman, partly by force, partly by remonstrance, prevented my following him; indeed, I began to be of opinion my doing so would be to little purpose.

"As I live by bread," said Campbell, when, after one or two struggles in which he used much forbearance towards me, he perceived me inclined to stand quiet, "I never saw sae daft a callant. I wad hae gien the best man in the country the breadth o' his back gin he had gien me sic a kemping as ye hae dune. What wad ye do?—Wad ye follow the wolf to his den?—I tell ye, man, he has the auld trap set for ye—He has got the collector-creature Morris to bring up a' the auld story again,

and ye maun look for nae help frae me as ye got at Justice Inglewood's—It is na good for my health to come in the gate o' thae whigamore baillie bodies. Now gang your ways hame, like a gude bairn—jouk and let the jaw gae bye—Keep out o' sight o' Rashleigh, and Morris, and that MacVittie animal—Mind the Clachan of Aberfoil, as I said before, and, by the word of a gentleman, I winna see ye wranged. But keep a calm sough till we meet again—I maun gae and get Rashleigh out o' the town afore waur comes o't, for the neb o' him's never out o' mischief—Mind the Clachan of Aberfoil."

He turned upon his heel, and left me to meditate upon the singular events which had befallen me. My first care was to adjust my dress and reassume my cloak, disposing it so as to conceal the blood which flowed down my right side; I had scarcely accomplished this, before, the classes of the College being dismissed, the gardens began to be filled with parties of the stu-

dents. I therefore left them as soon as possible; and in my way towards Mr Jarvie's, whose dinner hour was now approaching, I stopped at a small unpretending shop, the sign of which intimated the in-dweller to be Christopher Neilson, surgeon and apothecary. I requested of a little boy who was pounding some stuff in a mortar, that he would procure me an audience of this learned pharmacopolist. He opened the door of the back-shop, where I found a lively elderly man, who shook his head incredulously at some idle account I gave him of having been wounded accidentally by the button breaking off my antagonist's foil while I was engaged in a fencing match. When he had applied some lint and somewhat else he thought proper to the trifling wound I had received, he observed. "There never was button on the foil that made this hurt. Ah! young blood!—young blood!—But we surgeons are a secret generation—If it werena for hot blood and

ill blood, what would become of the two learned faculties?"

With which moral reflection he dismissed me, and I experienced very little pain or inconvenience afterwards from the scratch I had received.

CHAPTER XIII.

An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain.
* * * * * *
Who, while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
As lawless force from confidence will grow,
Insult the plenty of the vales below.

GRAY.

"WHAT made ye sae late?" said Mr Jarvie, as I entered the dining-parlour of that honest gentleman; "it has chappit ane the best feck o' five minutes by-gane. Mattie has been twice at the door wi' the dinner, and, weel for you, it was a tup's head, for that canna suffer by delay. A sheep's head ower muckle boiled is rank poison, as my worthy father used to say—he likit the lug o' ane weel, honest man."

I made a suitable apology for my breach of punctuality, and was soon seated at table, where Mr Jarvie presided with great

glee and hospitality, compelling, however, Owen and myself to do rather more justice to the Scottish dainties with which his board was charged, than was quite agreeable to our southern palates. I escaped pretty well, from having those habits of society which enable one to elude this species of well-meant persecution. But it was ridiculous enough to see Owen, whose ideas of politeness were more rigorous and formal, and who was willing, in all acts of lawful compliance, to evince his respect for the friend of the firm, eating, with rueful complaisance, mouthful after mouthful of singed wool, and pronouncing it excellent, in a tone in which disgust almost overpowered civility.

When the cloth was removed, Mr Jarvie compounded with his own hands a very small bowl of brandy-punch, the first which I had ever the fortune to see.

"The limes," he assured us, "were from his own little farm yonder-awa," (in-

dicating the West Indies with a knowing shrug of his shoulders,) "and he had learned the art of composing the liquor from old Captain Coffinkey, who acquired it," he added in a whisper, "as maist folk thought, amang the Buccanneers. But it's excellent liquor," said he, helping us around; "and good ware has aften come frae a wicked market. And as for Captain Coffinkey, he was a decent man when I kent him, only he used to swear awfully—But he's dead, and gaen to his account, and I trust he's accepted—I trust he's accepted."

We found the liquor exceedingly palatable, and it led to a long conversation between Owen and our host on the opening which the Union had afforded to trade between Glasgow and the British colonies in America and the West Indies, and on the facilities which Glasgow possessed of making up *sortable* cargoes for that market. Mr Jarvie answered some objection which Owen made on the difficulty of sorting a

cargo for America, without buying from England, with vehemence and volubility.

"Na, na, sir, we stand on our ain bottom—we pickle in our ain pock-neuk—We hae our Stirling serges, Musselburgh stuffs, Aberdeen hose, Edinburgh shalloons, and the like, for our woollen or worsted goods—and we hae linens of a' kinds better and cheaper than you hae in Lunnon itsel—and we can buy your north o' England wares, as Manchester wares, Sheffield wares, and Newcastle earthen-ware, as cheap as you can at Liverpool—And we are making a fair spell at cottons and muslins—Na, na! let every herring hing by its ain head, and every sheep by its ain shank, and ye'll find, sir, us Glasgow folk no sae far ahint but what we may follow.—This is but poor entertainment for you, Mr Osbaldistone," (observing that I had been for some time silent,) "but ye ken cadgers maun aye be speaking about cart saddles."

I apologized, alleging the painful circumstances of my own situation, and the

singular adventures of the morning, as the causes of my abstraction and absence of mind. In this manner I gained what I sought—an opportunity of telling my story distinctly and without interruption. I only omitted mentioning the wound I had received, which I did not think worthy of notice. Mr Jarvie listened with great attention and apparent interest, twinkling his little grey eyes, taking snuff, and only interrupting me by brief interjections. When I came to the account of the rencounter, at which Owen folded his hands and cast up his eyes to Heaven, the very image of woeful surprise, Mr Jarvie broke in upon the narration with "Wrang now—clean wrang—to draw a sword on your kinsman is inhibited by the laws o' God and man; and to draw a sword on the streets of a royal burgh, is punishable by fine and imprisonment—and the College-yards are na better privileged—they should be a place of peace and quietness, I trow. The College didna get gude L.600 a-year out o'

bishops' rents, (sorrow fa' the brood o' bishops and their rents too!) nor yet a lease o' the archbishoprick o' Glasgow the sell o't, that they suld let folk tuilzie in their yards, or the wild callants bicker there wi' snawba's as they whiles do, that when Mattie and I gae through, we are fain to make a baik and a bow, or rin the risk o' our hairns being knocked out—it suld be looked to —But come awa' wi' your tale—what fell neist?"

On my mentioning the appearance of Mr Campbell, Jarvie arose in great surprise, and paced the room, exclaiming, "Robin again?—Robert's mad—clean wud, and waur—Rob will be hanged and disgrace a' his kindred, and that will be seen and heard tell o'. My father the deacon wrought him his first hose—odd, I am thinking Deacon Threeplie, the rape-spinner, will be spinning his last cravat. Ay, ay, puir Robin is in a fair way o' being hanged—But come awa'—come awa'—let's hear the lave o't."

I told the whole story as pointedly as I could; but Mr Jarvie still found something lacking to make it clear, until I went back, though with considerable reluctance, on the whole story of Morris, and of my meeting with Campbell at the house of Justice Inglewood. Mr Jarvie inclined a serious ear to all this, and remained silent for some time after I had finished my narrative.

"Upon all these matters I am now to ask your advice, Mr Jarvie, which, I have no doubt, will point out the best way to act for my father's advantage and my own honour."

"Ye're right, young man—ye're right," said Jarvie. "Aye take the counsel of those who are aulder and wiser than yoursell, and binna like the godless Rehoboam, who took the advice o' a wheen beardless callants, neglecting the auld counsellors who had sate at the feet o' his father Solomon, and, as it was weel put by Mr Meiklejohn, in his lecture on the chapter, were

doubtless partakers of his sapience. But I maun hear naething about honour—we ken naething here but about credit. Honour is a homicide and a bloodspiller, that gangs about making frays in the street; but Credit is a decent, honest man, that sits at hame and makes the pat play."

"Assuredly, Mr Jarvie," said our friend Owen, "credit is the sum total; and if we can but save that, at whatever discount"——

"Ye are right, Mr Owen—ye are right; ye speak weel and wisely; and I trust bowls will row right though they are awee ajee e'enow. But touching Robin, I am of opinion he will befriend this young man if it is in his power. He has a gude heart, puir Robin; and though I lost a matter o' twa hunder punds wi' his former engagements, and haena muckle expectation ever to see back my thousand pund Scots that he promises me e'enow, yet I will never say but what Robin means fair by a' men."

"I am then to consider him," I replied, "as an honest man?"

"Umph!" replied Jarvie, with a precautionary sort of cough,—"Ay, he has a kind o' Hieland honesty—he's honest after a sort, as they say. My father the deacon used aye to laugh when he tauld me how that bye-word came up. Ane Captain Costlett was cracking crouse about his loyalty to King Charles, and Clerk Pettigrew (ye'll hae heard mony a tale about him) asked him after what manner he served the king, when he was fighting again him at Worster in Cromwell's army; and Captain Costlett was a ready body, and said that he served him *after a sort.* My honest father used to laugh weel at that sport—and sae the bye-word came up."

"But do you think," I said, "that this man will be able to serve me after a sort, or should I trust myself to this place of rendezvous which he has given me?"

"Frankly and fairly, it's worthy trying.

Ye see yoursell there's some risk in your staying here. This bit body Morris has gotten a custom-house place doun at Greenock—that's a port on the Firth doun bye here; and tho' a' the warld kens him to be but a twa-leggit creature, wi' a goose's head and a hen's heart, that goes about on the quay plaguing folk about permits, and cockits, and dockits, and a' that vexatious trade, yet if he lodge an information—ou, nae doubt a man in magisterial duty maun attend to it, and ye might come to be clapped up between four wa's, whilk wad be ill-convenient to your father's affairs."

"True," I observed; "yet what service am I likely to render him by leaving Glasgow, which, it is probable, will be the principal scene of Rashleigh's machinations, and committing myself to the doubtful faith of a man of whom I know little but that he fears justice, and has doubtless good reason for doing so; and that for some secret, and probably dangerous purpose, he is in close

league and alliance with the very person who is like to be the author of our ruin?"

"Ah! but ye judge Rob hardly," said the Baillie,—"ye judge him hardly, puir chield; and the truth is, that ye ken naething about our hill country, or Hielands, as we ca' them. They are clean anither set frae the like o' huz; there's nae baillie-courts amang them—nae magistrates that dinna bear the sword in vain, like the worthy deacon that's awa—and, I may say't, like mysell and other present magistrates in this city—But it's just the laird's command, and the loon maun loup; and the never another law hae they but the length o' their dirks—the broadsword's pursuer or plaintiff, as you Englishers ca' it, and the target is defender; the stoutest head bears langest out—and there's a Hieland plea for ye."

Owen groaned deeply; and I allow that the description did not greatly increase my desire to trust myself in a country so lawless as he described these Scottish mountains.

"Now, sir," said Jarvie, "we speak little o' thae things, because they are familiar to oursells; and where's the use o' vilifying ane's country, and bringing a discredit on ane's kin, before southrons and strangers? It's an ill bird that files its ain nest."

"Well, sir, but as it is no impertinent curiosity of mine, but real necessity, that obliges me to make these enquiries, I hope you will not be offended at my pressing for a little further information. I have to deal, on my father's account, with several gentlemen of these wild countries, and I must trust your good sense and experience for the requisite lights upon the subject."

This little morsel of flattery was not thrown out in vain.

"Experience!" said the Baillie, "I hae had experience, nae doubt, and I hae made some calculations—Ay, and to speak quietly amang oursells, I hae made some perquisitions through Andrew Wylie, my auld clerk; he's wi' MacVittie and Co. now—but he whiles drinks a gill on the Saturday

afternoons wi' his auld master. And since ye say ye are willing to be guided by the Glasgow weaver body's advice, I am no the man that will refuse it to the son of an auld correspondent, and my father the deacon was nane sic afore me. I have whiles thought o' letting my lights burn before the Duke of Argyle, or his brother Lord Ilay, (for wherefore should they be hidden under a bushel ?) but the like o' thae grit men wadna mind the like o' me, a puir wabster body—they think mair o' wha says a thing than o' what's said. The mair's the pity—mair's the pity—Not that I wad speak ony ill of this Maccallummore—' Curse not the rich in your bed-chamber,' saith the son of Sirach, for a bird of the air shall carry the clatter, and pint-stoups hae lang lugs."

I interrupted these prolegomena, in which Mr Jarvie was apt to be somewhat diffuse, by praying him to rely upon Mr Owen and myself as perfectly secret and safe confidants.

" It's no for that," he replied, " for I

fear nae man—what for suld I?—I speak nae treason—Only thae Hielandmen hae lang grips, and I whiles gang a wee bit up the glens to see some auld kinsfolks, and I wadna willingly be in bad blude wi' ony o' their clans. Howsumever, to proceed—Ye maun understand I found my remarks on figures, whilk, as Mr Owen here weel kens, is the only true demonstrable root of human knowledge."

Owen readily assented to a proposition so much in his own way, and our orator proceeded

"These Hielands of ours, as we ca' them, gentlemen, are but a wild kind of warld by themsells, full of heights and hows, woods, caverns, lochs, rivers, and mountains, that it wad tire the very deevil's wings to flee to the tap o' them. And in this country, and in the isles, whilk are little better, or, to speak the truth, rather waur than the main land, there are about twa hunder and thirty parochines, including the Orkneys, where, whether they speak Gaelic or no,

I wot na, but they are an uncivilized people. —Now, sirs, I sall haud ilk parochine at the moderate estimate of eight hunder examinable persons, deducting children under nine years of age, and then adding one-fifth to stand for bairns of nine years auld, and under, the whole population will reach to the sum of—let us add one-fifth to 800 to be the multiplier, and 230 being the multiplicand"——

"The product," said Mr Owen, who entered delightedly into these statistics of Mr Jarvie, "will be 230,000."

"Right, sir—perfectly right; and the array of this Hieland country, were a' the men-folk between aughteen and fifty-six brought out that could bear arms, could na come weel short of fifty-seven thousand five hundred men. Now, sir, it's a sad and awfu' truth, that there is neither wark, nor the very fashion or appearance of wark, for the tae half of thae puir creatures; that is to say, that the agriculture, the pasturage, the fisheries, and every species of honest

industry about the country, cannot employ the one moiety of the population, let them work as lazily as they like, and they *do* work as if a pleugh or a spade burnt their fingers. Aweel, sir, this moiety of unemployed bodies, amounting to——"

"To one hundred and fifteen thousand souls," said Owen, "being the half of the above product."

"Ye hae't, Maister Owen—ye hae't—whereof there may be twenty-eight thousand seven hundred able-bodied gillies fit to bear arms, and that do bear arms, and will touch or look at nae honest means of livelihood even if they could get it—which, lack-a-day, they cannot."

"But is it possible," said I, "Mr Jarvie, that this can be a just picture of so large a portion of the island of Britain?"

"Sir, I'll make it as plain as Peter Pasley's pike-staff—I will allow that ilk parochine, on an average, employs fifty pleughs, whilk is a great proportion in sic miserable

soil as they creatures hae to labour, and that there may be pasture aneugh for pleugh-horses, and owsen, and forty or fifty cows; now, to take care o' the pleughs and cattle, we'se allow seventy-five families of six lives in ilk family, and we'se add fifty mair to make even numbers, and ye hae five hundred souls, the tae half o' the population, employed and maintained in a sort o' fashion, wi' some chance of sour-milk and crowdie; but I wad be glad to ken what the other five hunder are to do?"

"In the name of God!" said I, "what do they do, Mr Jarvie? It makes me shudder to think of their situation."

"Sir," replied the Baillie, "ye wad may be shudder mair if ye were living near-hand them. For, admitting that the tae half of them may make some little thing for themsells honestly in the Lowlands by shearing in harst, droving, haymaking, and the like; *ye hae still mony hundreds and thousands* o' lang-legged Hieland gillies that will nei-

ther work nor want, and maun gang thigging and sorning about on their acquaintance, or live by the doing the laird's bidding, be't right or be't wrang. And mair especially, mony hundreds o' them come down to the borders of the low country, where there's gear to grip, and live by stealing, reiving, lifting cows, and the like depredations! A thing deplorable in ony Christian country—the mair especially, that they take pride in it, and reckon driving a spreagh (whilk is, in plain Scotch, stealing a herd of nowte,) a gallant, manly action, and mair befitting of pretty men (as sic reivers will ca' themsells,) than to win a day's wage by ony honest thrift. And the lairds are as bad as the loons; for if they dinna bid them gae reive and harry, the deil a bit they forbid them; and they shelter them, or let them shelter themsells, in their woods, and mountains, and strong-holds, whenever the thing's dune. And every ane o' them will mainteen as mony o' his ain name, or his clan, as we say, as he can rap and rend

means for; or, whilk's the same thing, as mony as can in ony fashion, fair or foul, mainteen themsells—and there they are wi' gun and pistol, dirk and dourlach, ready to disturb the peace o' the country whenever the laird likes; and that's the grievance of the Hielands, whilk are, and hae been for this thousand years bye past, a bike o' the maist lawless unchristian limmers that ever disturbed a douce, quiet, Godfearing neighbourhood, like this o' ours in the west here."

"And this kinsman of your's, and friend of mine, is he one of those great proprietors who maintain the household troops you speak of?" I enquired.

"Na, na," said Baillie Jarvie; "he's nane o' your great grandees o' chiefs, as they ca' them, neither. Though he is weel born, and lineally descended frae auld Glenstrae—I ken his lineage—indeed he is a near kinsman, and, as I said, gude gentle Hieland blude, though ye may think weel that I care little about that nonsense

—it's a' moonshine in water—waste threads and thrums, as we say—but I could show ye letters frae his father, that was the third aff Glenstrae, to my father, Deacon Jarvie, (peace be wi' his memory,) beginning, Dear Deacon, and ending, your loving kinsman to command,—they are amaist a' about borrowed siller, sae the gude deacon that's dead and gane, keepit them as documents and evidents—He was a carefu' man."

"But if he is not," I resumed, "one of their chiefs or patriarchal leaders, whom I have heard my father talk of, this kinsman of your's has, at least, much to say in the Highlands, I presume?"

"Ye may say that—nae name better kenn'd between the Lennox and Breadalbane. Robin was anes a weel-doing, painstaking drover as ye wad see amang ten thousand—It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and brogues, wi' his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a hundred Highland stots, and a dozen o' the gillies, as rough and

ragged as the beasts they drave. And he was baith civil and just in his dealings, and if he thought his chapman had made a hard bargain, he wad gie him a luck penny to the mends. I hae kenn'd him gie back five shillings out o' the pund sterling."

"Twenty-five per cent," said Owen—"a heavy discount."

"He wad gie it though, sir, as I tell ye; mair especially if he thought the buyer was a puir man and couldna stand by a loss. But the times cam hard, and Rob was venturesome. It wasna my faut—it wasna my faut; he canna wyte me. I aye tauld him o't—And the creditors, mair especially some grit neighbours o' his, grippit to his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hill-side, and sair misguided to the boot. Shamefu'! shamefu'!—I am a peacefu' man and a magistrate, but if ony ane had guided sae muckle as my servant quean, Mattie, as it's like they guided Rob's wife, I think it suld hae set the shabble that my father the

deacon had at Bothwel-brigg a-walking again. Weel, Rob cam hame, and fand desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, south, and north, and saw neither hauld nor hope—neither beild nor shelter—sae he e'en pu'd the bonnet ower his brow, belted the broad-sword to his side, took to the brae-side, and became a broken man."

The voice of the good citizen was broken by his contending feelings. He obviously, while he professed to contemn the pedigree of his Highland kinsman, attached a secret feeling of consequence to the connection, and he spoke of his friend in his prosperity with an overflow of affection, which deepened his sympathy for his misfortunes, and his regret for their consequences.

"Thus tempted, and urged by despair," said I, seeing Mr Jarvie did not proceed in his narrative, "I suppose your kinsman became one of those depredators you have described to us?"

"No sae bad as that," said the Glaswe-

gian,—"no a'thegither and outright sae bad as that; but he became a levyer of black-mail, wider and farther than ever it was raised in our day, a' through the Lennox and Menteith, and up to the gates o' Stirling castle."

"Black-mail?—I do not understand the phrase," I remarked.

"Ou, ye see, Rob soon gathered an unco band o' blue-bonnets at his back, for he comes o' a rough name when he's kent by his ain, and a name that's held its ain for mony a lang year, baith again king and parliament, and kirk too, for aught I ken—an auld and honourable name, for as sair as it has been worried and hadden down and oppressed. My mother was a MacGregor—I care na wha kens it—and sae Rob had soon a gallant band; and as it grieved him (he said) to see sic *hership*, and waste, and depredation to the south o' the Hieland line, why, if ony heritor or farmer wad pay him four punds Scots out of each hundred punds of valued rent,

whilk was doubtless a moderate consideration, Rob engaged to keep them scaithless—let them send to him if they lost sae muckle as a single cloot by thieving, and Rob engaged to get them again, or pay the value—and he aye keepit his word—I canna deny but he keepit his word—a' men allow Rob keeps his word."

"This is a very singular contract of assurance," said Mr Owen.

"It's clean again our statute law, that must be owned," said Jarvie, "clean again law; the levying and the paying black-mail are baith punishable: but if the law canna protect my barn and byre, whatfor suld I no engage wi' a Hieland gentleman that can?—answer me that."

"But," said I, "Mr Jarvie, is this contract of black-mail, as you call it, completely voluntary on the part of the landlord or farmer who pays the insurance? or what usually happens, in case any one refuses payment of this tribute?"

"Aha, lad!" said the Baillie, laughing,

and putting his finger to his nose, " ye think ye hae me there. Troth, I wad advise ony friends o' mine to gree wi' Rob; for watch as they like, and do what they like, they are sair apt to be harried when the lang nights come on. Some o' the Grahame and Cohoon gentry stood out; but what then?—they lost their hale stock the first winter; sae maist folks now think it best to come into Rob's terms. He's easy wi' a body that will be easy wi' him; but if ye thraw him, ye had better thraw the deevil."

" And by his exploits in these vocations," I continued, " I suppose he has rendered himself amenable to the laws of the country?"

" Amenable?—ye may say that; his craig wad ken the weight o' his hurdies if they could get haud o' Rob. But he has gude friends amang the grit folks; and I could tell ye o' ae grit family that keeps him up as far as they decently can, to be a thorn in the side of anither. And then he's

sic an auld-farran lang-headed chield as never took up the trade o' kateran in our time; mony a daft reik he has played—mair than wad fill a book, and a queer ane it wad be—as gude as Robin Hood, or William Wallace—a' fu' o' venturesome deeds and escapes, sic as folk tell ower at a winter-ingle in the daft days. It's a queer thing o' me, gentlemen, that am a man o' peace mysell, and a peacefu' man's son, for the deacon my father quarrelled wi' nane out o' the town-council—it's a queer thing, I say, but I think the Hieland blude o' me warms at thae daft tales, and whiles I like better to hear them than a word o' profit, gude forgi'e me!—But they are vanities—sinfu' vanities—and, moreover, again the statute law—again the statute and gospel law."

I now followed up my investigation, by enquiring what means of influence this Mr Robert Campbell could possibly possess over my affairs or those of my father.

"Why, ye are to understand," said Jar-

vie, in a very subdued tone—" I speak amang friends, and under the rose—Ye are to understand, that the Hielands hae been keepit quiet since the year aughty-nine—that was Killiecrankie year. But how hae they been keepit quiet, think ye? By siller, Mr Owen—by siller, Mr Osbaldistone. King William caused Breadalbane distribute twenty thousand gude punds sterling amang them, and it's said the auld Highland Earl keepit a lang lug o't in his ain sporran—And then Queen Anne, that's dead, gae the chiefs bits o' pensions, sae they had wherewith to support their gillies and katerans that work nae wark, as I said afore; and they lay bye quiet eneugh, saving some spreagherie on the Lowlands, whilk is their use and wont, and some cutting o' thrapples amang themsels, that nae civilized body kens or cares ony thing anent.—Weel, but there's a new warld come up wi' this King George, (I say, God bless him for ane),—there's neither like to be siller nor pensions gaun

amang them; they haena the means o' mainteening the clans that eat them up, as ye may guess frae what I said before; their credit's gane in the Lowlands; and a man that can whistle ye up a thousand or feifteen hundred linking lads to do his will, wad hardly get fifty punds on his band at the Cross o' Glasgow—This canna stand lang—there will be an outbreak for the Stuarts—there will be an outbreak—they will come down on the Low Country like a flood, as they did in the waefu' wars o' Montrose, and that will be seen and heard tell o' ere a twalmonth gangs round."

"Yet still," I said, "I do not see how this concerns Mr Campbell, much less my father's affairs."

"Rob can levy five hundred men, sir, and therefore war suld concern him as muckle as maist folk," replied the Baillie; "for it is a faculty that is far less profitable in time o' peace. Then, to tell ye the truth, I doubt he has been the prime agent be-

tween some o' our Hieland chiefs and the gentlemen in the north o' England. We a' heard o' the public money that was ta'en frae the chield Morris somewhere about the fit o' Cheviot by Rob and ane o' the Osbaldistone lads; and, to tell ye the truth, word gaed that it was yoursel, Mr Francis, and sorry was I that your father's son suld hae ta'en to sic practices—Na, ye needna say a word about it—I see weel I was mis-ta'en; but I wad believe ony thing o' a stage-player, whilk I concluded ye to be. But now, I doubtna, it has been Rashleigh himself or some other o' your cousins—they are a' tarr'd wi' the same stick—rank jacobites and papists, and wad think the government siller and government papers lawfu' prize. And the creature Morris is sic a cowardly caitiff, that to this hour he daurna say that it was Rob took the port-manteau aff him; and troth he's right, for your custom-house and excise cattle are ill liket on a' sides, and Rob might get a back-

handed lick at him, before the Board, as they ca't, could help him."

"I have long suspected this, Mr Jarvie," said I, "and perfectly agree with you. But as to my father's affairs"——

"Suspected it?—it's certain—it's certain—I ken them that saw some o' the papers that were ta'en aff Morris—it's needless to say where. But to your father's affairs—Ye maun think that in thae twenty years by-gane some o' the Hieland lairds and chiefs hae come to some sma' sense o' their ain interest—Your father and others hae bought the woods of Glen-Disseries, Glen-Kissoch, Tober-na-Kippoch, and mony mair besides, and your father's house has granted large bills in payment,—and as the credit o' Osbaldistone and Tresham was gude—for I'll say before Mr Owen's face as I wad behind his back, that, bating misfortunes o' the Lord's sending, nae men could be mair honourable in business—the Hieland gentlemen, holders o' thae bills, hae found credit in Glasgow and Edinburgh (I

might amaist say in Glasgow wholly, for it's little the pridefu' Edinburgh folk do in real business) for all, or the greater part of the contents o' thae bills.—So that—Aha! d'ye see me now?"

I confessed I could not quite follow his drift.

"Why," said he, "if the bills are not paid, the Glasgow merchant comes on the Hieland lairds, whae hae de'il a boddle o' siller, and will like ill to spew up what is item a' spent—They will turn desperate—five hundred will rise that might hae sittin at hame—the de'il will gae ower Jock Wabster—and the stopping of your father's house will hasten the outbreak that's been sae lang biding us."

"You think then," said I, surprised at this singular view of the case, "that Rashleigh Osbaldistone has done this injury to my father merely to accelerate a rising in the Highlands, by distressing the gentlemen to whom these bills were originally granted?"

'Doubtless—doubtless—it has been one main reason, Mr Osbaldistone. I doubtna but what the ready money he carried off wi' him might be another. But that makes comparatively but a sma' part o' your father's loss, though it might make the maist part o' Rashleigh's direct gain. The assetts he carried off are of nae mair use to him than if he were to light his pipe wi' them. He tried if MacVittie and Co. wad gi'e him siller on them—that I ken by Andro Wylie—but they were ower auld cats to draw that strae afore them—they keepit aff and gae fair words. Rashleigh Osbaldistone is better kenn'd than trusted in Glasgow, for he was here about some Jacobitical Papistical troking in seventeen hundred and seven, and left debt ahint him. Na, na, he canna pit aff the paper here; folk will misdoubt him how he came by it. Na, na, he'll hae the stuff safe at some o' their haulds in the Hielands, and I daur say my cousin Rob could get at it gin he liked."

"But would he be disposed to serve us in this pinch, Mr Jarvie?" said I. "You have described him as an agent of the Jacobite party, and deeply connected in their intrigues; will he be disposed for my sake, or, if you please, for the sake of justice, to make an act of restitution, which, supposing it in his power, would, according to your view of the case, materially interfere with their plans?"

"I canna preceesely speak to that—the grandees amang them are doubtfu' o' Rob, and he's doubtfu' o' them—and he's been weel friended wi' the Argyle family—If he was freed o' his hornings and captions, he wad rather be on Argyle's side than he wad be on Breadalbane's, for there's auld ill-will between the Breadalbane family and his kin and name. The truth is, that Rob is for his ain hand, as Henry Wynd feught —He'll take the side that suits him best; if the deil was laird, Rob wad be for being tenant, and ye canna blame him, puir fallow, considering his circumstances. But

there's ae thing sair again ye—Rob has a grey mare in his stable at hame."

"A grey mare?" said I. "What is that to the purpose?"

"The wife, man—the wife,—an awfu' wife she is. She downa bide the sight o' a kindly Scot, if he come frae the Lowlands, far less of an Inglisher, and she'll be keen for a' that can set up King James, and ding down King George."

"It is very singular," I replied, "that the mercantile transactions of London citizens should become involved with revolutions and rebellions."

"Not at a', man—not at a'," returned Mr Jarvie, "that's a' your silly prejudications. I read whiles in the lang dark nights, and I hae read in Baker's Chronicle that the merchants o' London could gar the Bank of Genoa break their promise to advance a mighty sum to the King of Spain, whereby the sailing of the Grand Spanish Armada was put aff for a hale year—What think you of that, sir?"

"That the merchants did their country golden service, which ought to be honourably remembered in our histories."

"I think sae too; and they wad do weel, and deserve weel baith o' the state and o' humanity, that wad save three or four honest Hieland gentlemen frae louping heads ower heels into destruction, wi' a' their puir sackless followers, just because they canna pay back the siller they had reason to count upon as their ain—and save your father's credit—and my ain gude siller that Osbaldistone and Tresham awes me into the bargain—I say if ane could manage a' this, I think it suld be done and said unto him, even if he were a puir ca-the-shuttle body, as unto one whom the king delighteth to honour."

"I cannot pretend to estimate the extent of public gratitude," I replied; "but our own thankfulness, Mr Jarvie, would be commensurate with the extent of the obligation."

"Which," added Mr Owen, "we would

endeavour to balance with a *per contra* the instant our Mr Osbaldistone returns from Holland."

"I doubtna—I doubtna—he is a very worthy gentleman, and a sponsible, and wi' some o' my lights might do muckle business in Scotland—Weel, sir, if these assetts could be redeemed out o' the hands o' the Philistines, they are gude paper—they are the right stuff when they are in the right hands, and that's yours, Mr Owen.—And I'se find ye three men in Glasgow, for as little as ye may think o' us, Mr Owen,—that's Sandie Steenson in the Trade's-Land, and John Pirie in Candleriggs, and another, that sall be nameless at this present, sall advance what soums are sufficient to secure the credit of your house, and seek nae better security."

Owen's eyes sparkled at this prospect of extrication; but his countenance instantly fell on recollecting how improbable it was that the recovery of the assetts, as he technically called them, should be successfully achieved.

"Dinna despair, sir—dinna despair," said Mr Jarvie; "I hae taen sae muckle concern wi' your affairs already, that it maun een be ower shoon ower boots wi' me now. I am just like my father the deacon, (praise be wi' him!) I canna meddle wi' a friend's business, but I aye end wi' making it my ain—Sae, I'll een pit on my boots the morn, and be jogging ower Drymen-Muir wi' Mr Frank here, and if I canna mak Rob hear reason, and his wife too, I dinna ken wha can—I hae been a kind freend to them afore now, to say naething o' ower-looking him last night, when naming his name wad hae cost him his life—I'll be hearing o' this in the council maybe frae Baillie Grahame, and MacVittie, and some o' them. They hae coost up my kindred to Rob to me already—set up their nashgabs. I tauld them I wad vindicate nae man's faults; but set apart what he had dune again the law o' the country, and the hership o' the Lennox, and the misfortune o' some folk losing life by him, he

was an honester man than stude on ony o' their shanks—And whatfor suld I mind their clavers?—If Rob is an outlaw, to himsell be it said—there is nae laws now about reset of intercommuned persons, as there was in the ill times o' the last Stuarts—I trow I hae a Scotch tongue in my head—if they speak, I'se answer."

It was with great pleasure that I saw the Baillie gradually surmount the barriers of caution, under the united influence of public spirit and good-natured interest in our own affairs, together with his natural wish to avoid loss and acquire gain, and not a little harmless vanity. Through the combined operation of these motives he at length arrived at the doughty resolution of taking the field in person, to aid in the recovery of my father's property. His whole information led me to believe, that, if the papers were in possession of this Highland adventurer, it might be possible to induce him to surrender what he could not keep with any

prospect of personal advantage; and I was conscious that the presence of his kinsman was likely to have considerable weight with him. I therefore cheerfully acquiesced in Mr Jarvie's proposal, that we should set out early next morning.

That honest gentleman was indeed as vivacious and alert in preparing to carry his purpose into execution, as he had been slow and cautious in forming it. He roared to Mattie to air his trot-cosey, to have his jack-boots greased and set before the kitchen-fire all night, and to see that his beast was corned, and a' his riding gear in order. Having agreed to meet him at five o'clock next morning, and having settled that Owen, whose presence could be of no use to us upon this expedition, should await our return at Glasgow, we took a kind farewell of this unexpectedly zealous friend. I installed Owen in an apartment in my lodgings, contiguous to my own, and, giving orders to Andrew Fairservice to attend me next morning at

the hour appointed, I retired to rest with better hopes than it had lately been my for tune to entertain.

CHAPTER XIII.

> Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
> Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green;
> No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
> No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo;
> No streams, as amber smooth—as amber clear,
> Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
>
> *Prophecy of Famine.*

IT was in the bracing atmosphere of a harvest morning that I met by appointment Fairservice, with the horses, at the door of Mr Jarvie's house, which was but little space distant from Mrs Flyter's hotel. The first matter which caught my attention was, that whatever were the deficiencies of the poney which Mr Fairservice's legal adviser, Clerk Touthope, generously bestowed upon him in exchange for Thornecliff's mare, he had contrived to part with

it, and procure in its stead an animal with so curious and complete a lameness, that it seemed only to make use of three legs for the purpose of progression, while the fourth was meant to be flourished in the air by way of accompaniment. "What do you mean by bringing such a creature as that here, sir? and where is the poney you rode to Glasgow upon?" were my very natural and impatient enquiries.

"I sell't it, sir. It was a slink beast, and wad hae eaten its head aff standing at Luckie Flyter's at livery. And I hae bought this on your honour's account. It's a grand bargain—cost but a pund sterling the foot—that's four a'thegither. The string-halt will gae aff when it's gaen a mile; it's a weel-kenn'd ganger; they ca' it Souple Tam."

"On my soul, sir!" said I, "you will never rest till my supple-jack and your shoulders become acquainted. If you do not go instantly and procure the other

brute, you shall pay the penalty of your ingenuity."

Andrew, notwithstanding my threats, continued to battle the point, as he said it would cost him a guinea of rue-bargain to the man who had bought his poney, before he could get it back again. Like a true Englishman, though sensible I was duped by the rascal, I was about to pay his exaction rather than lose time, when forth sallied Mr Jarvie, cloaked, mantled, hooded, and booted, as if for a Siberian winter, while two apprentices, under the immediate direction of Mattie, led forth the decent ambling steed which had the honour on such occasions to support the person of the Glasgow magistrate. Ere he "clombe to the saddle," an expression more descriptive of the Baillie's mode of mounting than that of the knights-errant to whom Spenser applies it, he enquired the cause of the dispute betwixt my servant and me. Having learned the nature of honest Andrew's [illegible]

nœuvre, he instantly cut short all debate, by pronouncing, that if Fairservice did not forthwith return the three-legged palfrey, and produce the more useful quadruped which he had discarded, he would send him to prison, and amerce him in half his wages. "Mr Osbaldistone," said he, "contracted for the service of both your horse and you—twa brutes at ance—ye unconscionable rascal—but I'se look weel after you during this journey."

"It will be nonsense fining me," said Andrew, doughtily, "that hasna a grey groat to pay a fine wi'—it's ill taking the breeks aff a Hielandman."

"If ye hae nae purse to fine, ye hae flesh to pine," replied the Baillie, "and I will look weel to ye getting your deserts the tae way or the tither."

To the commands of Mr Jarvie, therefore, Andrew was compelled to submit, only muttering between his teeth, "Ower mony maisters—ower mony maisters, as

the paddock said to the harrow, when every tooth gae her a tig."

Apparently he found no difficulty of getting rid of Supple Tam, and recovering possession of his former Bucephalus, for he accomplished the exchange without being many minutes absent; nor did I hear further of his having paid any smart-money for breach of bargain.

We now set forwards, but had not reached the top of the street in which Mr Jarvie dwelt, when a loud hallooing, and a breathless call of "Stop, stop!" was heard behind us. We stopped accordingly, and were overtaken by Mr Jarvie's two lads, who bore two parting tokens of Mattie's care for her master. The first was conveyed in the form of a voluminous silk handkerchief, like the main-sail of one of his own West-Indiamen, which Mrs Mattie particularly desired he would put about his neck, and which, thus entreated, he added to his other integuments. The second youngster

brought only a verbal charge (I thought I saw the rogue disposed to laugh as he delivered it,) on the part of the housekeeper, that her maister would take care of the waters. "Pooh! pooh! silly hussy," answered Mr Jarvie; but added, turning to me, "it shows a kind heart though—it shews a kind heart in sae young a quean—Mattie's a carefu' lass." So speaking, he pricked the sides of his palfrey, and we left the town without farther interruption.

While we paced easily forward, by a road which conducted us north-eastward from the town, I had an opportunity to estimate and admire the good qualities of my new friend. Although, like my father, he considered commercial transactions to be the most important objects of human life, he was not wedded to them to such a degree as to undervalue more general knowledge. On the contrary, with much oddity and vulgarity of manner,—with a vanity which he made much more ridiculous by disguising it now and then under a thin veil of

humility, and devoid as he was of all the advantages of a learned education, Mr Jarvie's conversation shewed tokens of a shrewd, observing, liberal, and, to the extent of its opportunities, a well-improved mind. He was a good local antiquary, and entertained me, as we passed along, with an account of remarkable events which had formerly taken place in the scenes through which we passed. And as he was well acquainted with the ancient history of his district, he saw with the prospective eye of an enlightened patriot, the buds of many of those future advantages, which have only blossomed and ripened within these few years. I remarked also, and with great pleasure, that although a keen Scottishman, and abundantly zealous for the honour of his country, he was disposed to think liberally of the sister kingdom. When Andrew Fairservice (whom, by the way, the Baillie could not abide,) chose to impute the accident of one of the horses casting his shoe to the deteriorating influence of

the Union, he incurred a severe rebuke from Mr Jarvie.

"Whisht, sir!—whisht!—it's ill-scrapit tongues like your's, that make mischief atween neighbourhoods and nations. There's naething sae gude on this side o' time but it might hae been better, and that may be said o' the Union. Nane were keener against it than the Glasgow folk, wi' their rabblings and their risings, and their mobs, as they ca' them now-a-days. But it's an ill wind blaws naebody gude—Let ilka ane roose the ford as they find it—I say, Let Glasgow Flourish, whilk is judiciously and elegantly putten around the town's arms, by way of bye-word.—Now, since St Mungo catched herrings in the Clyde, what was ever like to gar us flourish like the sugar and tobacco-trade, will ony body tell me that, and grumble at the treaty that opened us a road west-awa' yonder?"

Andrew Fairservice was far from acquiescing in these arguments of expedience, and even ventured to enter a grumbling protest, "That it was an unco change to

hae Scotland's laws made in England; and that, for his share, he wadna for a' the herring barrels in Glasgow, and a' the tobacco-casks to boot, hae gien up the riding o' the Scots parliament, or sent awa' our crown, and our sword, and our sceptre, and Mons-meg, to be keepit by thae English pock-puddings in the Tower o' Lunnon. What wad Sir William Wallace or auld Davie Lindsay hae said to the Union, or them that made it?"

The road which we travelled, while diverting the way with these discussions, had become wild and open, so soon as we had left Glasgow a mile or two behind us, and was growing more dreary as we advanced. Huge continuous heaths spread before, behind, and around us in hopeless barrenness, now level and interspersed with swamps, green with treacherous verdure, or sable with turf, or, as they call them in Scotland, peat-bogs, and now swelling into huge heavy ascents, which wanted the dignity and form of hills, while they were still

more toilsome to the passenger. There were neither trees nor bushes to relieve the eye from the russet livery of absolute sterility. The very heath was of that stinted imperfect kind which has little or no flower, and affords the coarsest and meanest covering, which, as far as my experience enables me to judge, mother Earth is ever arrayed in. Living thing we saw none, except occasionally a few straggling sheep of a strange diversity of colours, as black, bluish, and orange. The sable hue predominated, however, in their faces and legs. The very birds seemed to shun these wastes, and no wonder, since they had an easy method of escaping from them; at least I only heard the monotonous and plaintive cries of the lapwing and curlew, which my companions denominated the peasweep and whaup.

At dinner, however, which we took about noon, at a most miserable ale-house, we had the good fortune to find that these tiresome screamers of the morass were not the

only inhabitants of the moors. The good-wife told us, that "the gudeman had been at the hill;" and well for us that he had so, for we enjoyed the produce of his *chasse* in the shape of some broiled moor-game, a dish which gallantly eked out the ewe-milk cheese, dried salmon, and oaten bread, being all beside that the house afforded. Some very indifferent two-penny ale, and a glass of excellent brandy, crowned our repast; and as our horses had, in the mean time, discussed their corn, we resumed our journey with renovated vigour.

I had need of all the spirits a good dinner could give, to resist the dejection which crept insensibly on my spirits, when I combined the strange uncertainty of my errand, with the disconsolate aspect of the country through which it was leading me. Our road continued to be, if possible, more waste and wild than that we had travelled in the forenoon. The few miserable hovels that shewed some marks of human habitation, were now of still rarer occurrence;

and, at length, as we began to ascend a huge and uninterrupted swell of moorland, they totally disappeared. The only exercise which my imagination received was, when some particular turns of the road gave us a partial view to the left of a large assemblage of dark-blue mountains stretching to the north and north-west, which promised to include within their recesses, a country as wild perhaps, but certainly differing greatly in point of interest, from that which we now travelled. The peaks of this screen of mountains were as wildly varied and distinguished as the hills which we had seen on the right were tame and lumpish; and while I gazed on this Alpine region, I felt a longing to explore its recesses, though with toil and danger, similar to that which a sailor feels when he wishes for the risks and animation of a battle or a gale, in exchange for the insupportable monotony of a protracted calm. I made various enquiries at my friend Mr Jarvie, respecting the names and positions of these

remarkable mountains; but it was a subject on which he had no information, or did not chuse to be communicative. "They're the Hieland hills—the Hieland hills—Ye'll see and hear eneugh about them before ye see Glasgow Cross again—I downa look at them—I never see them but they gar me grew.—It's no for fear—no for fear, but just for grief, for the puir blinded half starved creatures that inhabit them—But say nae mair about it—it's ill speaking o' Hielandmen sae near the line. I hae kenn'd mony an honest man wadna hae ventured this length without he had made his last will and testament—Mattie had ill will to see me set awa' on this ride, and grat awee the silly tawpie; but its nae mair ferlie to see a woman greet than to see a goose gang barefit."

I next attempted to lead the discourse upon the character and history of the person whom we were going to visit; but upon this topic Mr Jarvie was totally inaccessible, owing perhaps in part to the at-

tendance of Mr Andrew Fairservice, who chose to keep so close in our rear that his ears could not fail to catch every word which was spoken, while his tongne assumed the freedom of mingling in our conversation as often as he saw an opportunity. For this he occasionally incurred Mr Jarvie's reproof.

"Keep back, sir, as best sets ye," said the Baillie, as Andrew pressed forward to catch the answer to some question I had asked about Campbell.—"Ye wad fain ride the fore horse, an' ye wist how—That chield's aye for being out o' the cheese-fat he was moulded in.—Now as for your questions, Mr Osbaldistone, now that chield's out of ear-shot, I'll just tell ye its free to you to speer, and its free to me to answer or no—Gude I canna say muckle o' Rob, puir chield, ill I winna say o' him, for, forbye that he's my cousin, we're coming near his ain country, and there may be ane o' his gillies ahint every whin-bush for what I ken—And if ye'll be guided by my advice, the less ye

speak about him, or where we are gaun, or what we are gaun to do, we'll be the mair likely to speed us in our errand. For its like we may fa' in wi' some o' his unfreends —they are e'en ower mony o' them about —and his bonnet sits even on his brow yet for a' that; but I doubt they'll be upsides wi' Rob at the last—air day or late day the fox's hide finds the flaying knife."

"I will certainly," I replied, "be entirely guided by your experience."

"Right, Mr Osbaldistone—right,—but I maun speak to this gabbling skyte too, for bairns and fules speak at the Cross what they hear at the ingle-side.—D'ye hear, you, Andrew—What's your name—Fairservice."

Andrew, who at the last rebuff had fallen a good way behind, did not chuse to acknowledge the summons.

"Andrew, ye scoundrel," repeated Mr Jarvie, "here, sir! here!"

"Here is for the dog," said Andrew, coming up sulkily.

"I'll gie you dog's wages, ye rascal, if

ye dinna attend to what I say t'ye—We are gaun into the Hielands abit"——

"I judged as muckle," said Andrew.

"Haud your peace, ye knave, and hear what I have to say till ye—We are gaun abit into the Hielands"——

"Ye tauld me sae already," replied the incorrigible Andrew.

"I'll break your head," said the Baillie, rising in wrath, "if ye dinna haud your tongue."

"A hadden tongue," replied Andrew, "makes a slabbered mouth."

It was now necessary I should interfere, which I did by commanding Andrew, with an authoritative tone, to be silent at his peril.

"I am silent," said Andrew. "I'se do a' your lawfu' bidding without a nay say.—My puir mither used aye to tell me,

'Be it better, be it worse,
Be ruled by him that has the purse.'

Sae ye may e'en speak as lang as ye like,

baith the tane and the tither o' you, for Andrew."

Mr Jarvie took the advantage of his stopping after quoting the above proverb, to give him the requisite instructions.

"Now, sir, it's as muckle as your life's worth—that wad be dear o' little siller to be sure—but it is as muckle as a' our lives are worth, if ye dinna mind what I say to ye. In this public whar we are gaun to, and whar it is like we may hae to stay a' night, men o' a' clans and kindred—Hieland and Lawland—tak up their quarters.—And whiles there are mair drawn dirks than open Bibles amang them when the usquebaugh gets uppermost. See ye neither meddle nor mak, nor gie nae offence wi' that clavering tongue o' yours, but keep a calm sough, and let ilka cock fight his ain battle."

"Muckle needs to tell me that," said Andrew contemptuously, "as if I had never seen a Hielandman before, and kend nae how to manage them. Nae man alive

can cuittle up Donald better than mysell—I hae bought wi' them, sauld wi' them, eaten wi' them, drucken wi' them."—

"Did ye ever fight wi' them?" said Mr Jarvie.

"Na, na," answered Andrew, "I took care o' that; it wad ill hae set me, that am an artist and half a scholar to my trade, to be fighting amang a wheen kilted loons that dinna ken the name o' a single herb or flower in braid Scots, let abe in the Latin tongue."

"Then," said Mr Jarvie, "as ye wad keep either your tongue in your mouth, or your lugs in your head, (and ye might miss them, for as saucy members as they are,) I charge ye to say nae word, gude or bad, that ye can weel get bye, to ony body that may be in the Clachan. And ye'll specially understand that ye're no to be bleezing and blasting about your master's name and mine, or saying that this is Mr Baillie Nicol Jarvie o' the Saut-Market, son o' the worthy Deacon Nicol Jarvie, that a' body

has heard about; and this is Mr Frank Osbaldistone, son of the managing partner of the great house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, in the city."

"Aneugh said," answered Andrew—"aneugh said! What need ye think I wad be speaking about your names for?—I hae mony things o' mair importance to speak about, I trow."

"It's thae very things of importance that I am feared for, ye blethering goose; ye manna speak ony thing, gude or bad, that ye can by any possibility help."

"If ye dinna think me fit," replied Andrew in a huff, "to speak like ither folk, gie me my wages and my board-wages, and I'se gae back to Glasgow—There's sma' sorrow at our parting, as the auld mare said to the broken cart."

Finding Andrew's perverseness again arising to a point, which threatened to occasion me inconvenience, I was under the necessity of explaining to him, that he might return if he thought proper, but that

at case I would not pay him a single ing for his past services. The argu- ment *ad crumenam*, as it has been called by jocular logicians, has weight with the greater part of mankind, and Andrew was in that particular far from affecting any trick of singularity. He "drew in his horns," to use the Baillie's phrase, upon the instant, professed no intention whatever to disoblige, and a resolution to be guided by my commands, whatever they might be.

Concord being thus happily our small party, we cont our journey. The road, for six or seven English descend for about the s a country which neither terest, could boast any advantage over that which we had passed already, and which afforded no variety, unless when some tremendous peak of a Highland mountain appeared at a distance. We continued, however, ride on without pause; and even wh led and overshadowed the deso-

tain wilds which we traversed, we were understood from Mr Jarvie, still three m... and a bittock distant from the place whe... we were to spe... the night.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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